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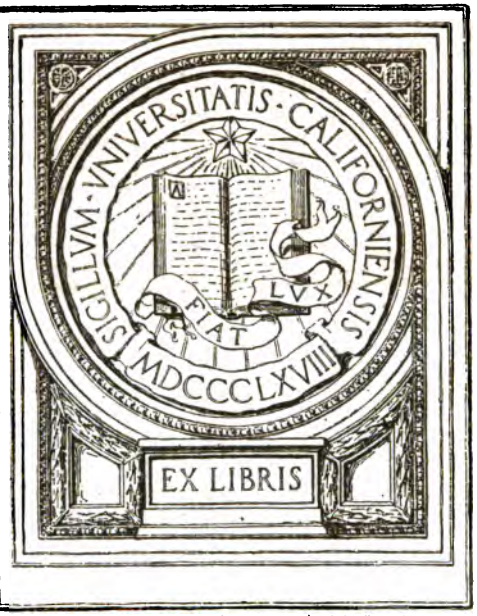
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Defeat or Victory?

Published Originally in England

FOR THE STRENGTH OF BRITAIN MOVEMENT

First Edition, January, 1917
Second Edition, February, 1917

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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
TO THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

DEFEAT OR VICTORY?

The Strength of Britain Book

By ARTHUR MEE &
J. STUART HOLDEN
With an Introduction by
C. W. SALEEBY, M. D., F. R. S. E.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Published for the
STRENGTH OF BRITAIN MOVEMENT
By MORGAN & SCOTT, LIMITED
12 Paternoster Buildings, E. C.
Second Edition, February, 1917

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

What This Book Proves

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. There is destruction—and madness too—in Europe. This nation, leader of the world in great and solemn causes, Mother of Parliaments and guardian of the freedom of mankind, stands at the parting of the ways. For her it is now, if never before. Defeat or Victory.

We make no apology, therefore, for the course adopted with this little book. It is still young, only two or three weeks old as these words are written, but already it has a new name and many new things in its pages. The rapid exhaustion of its first 100,000 copies has justified its entering on this second 100,000; and no longer do we think simply of Defeat. We look ahead, we see the stirring of Authority, we feel the throb of a mighty passion rising in the State, and we think of the Victory that is coming—here at home and there abroad.

It must come. Nero will not fiddle while the British Empire falls, nor can the sinister facts of this solemn hour long remain. The nation has only to know them, and they are being made known. Whether Officialdom will or no, the truth will burst its bonds and make its way. The day will come when it shall be known to all men in this land that Prohibition of the Drink Trade during the war would have,

Saved, in Drink expenditure and its results, £1,000,000,000.
Added a hundred days to our war work;
Saved over 200,000,000 cubic feet of shipping;
Set free for war work 100,000 trains of 200 tons;
Saved the waste of 1,000,000 acres of land;
Released man-power enough to lift 60,000,000 tons;
Enormously relieved the strain on the Red Cross;
Released thousands of doctors and nurses;
Saved food to feed the nation 3 months; or
Saved enough food to feed the Army and Navy all the time.

Those are the stern facts of the situation; they are the facts about the price we have paid for Drink during the War. The nation has only to know them to fling this pro-German trade outside our threatened land, and it is the mission of this book to make them known.

The Strength of Britain Movement has made this book its own, as part of its Win-the-War Campaign for Prohibition. Will you, who helped to send out the first Hundred Thousand, help to send out One Hundred Thousand more?

A. M.
J. S. H.

Strength of Britain Movement,
20 Denman Street, London, W.

364640

Strength of Britain Movement

To Secure the Full Strength of Britain Against Her Enemies and for Reconstruction After the War

The STRENGTH OF BRITAIN MOVEMENT was formed at a meeting of business men and others at the Hotel Cecil in June, 1916, when a resolution to proceed with the campaign for Prohibition during the war was proposed by Sir Alfred Booth, Bart., Chairman of the Cunard Line, seconded by Mr. Angus Watson, supported by Mr. Thomas Burberry, and carried.

The Executive Committee appointed at that meeting resolved upon two courses of action:

1. The promotion of the Strength of Britain Memorial among men and women of Distinction and of representative positions in all departments of life.

2. The promotion of a newspaper campaign to enlighten public opinion as to facts.

The remarkable success of the Memorial is described in Chapter 15 of this Book, where the Memorial itself is reproduced.

The Memorial has behind it an array of the brain-power of the nation that no Government can lightly set aside, but behind this demonstration of the intellectual opinion of the country an effort is being made to organize a national volume of popular opinion through newspaper appeals which reach millions of people; through the issue of a Handbook of facts available at the offices for 5s. per 100, or £2 per 1000; and through the publication of this book.

The following are the members of the Executive Committee of the Strength of Britain Movement; C. W. Saleeby, M. D., F. R. S. E. (Chairman); Angus Watson, Henry Randall, H. Stephens, Richardson (Treasurer), W. J. Stewart, Arthur Mee and P. G. A. Smith (Honorary Secretaries).

All officials are honorary.

The Strength of Britain Policy, as outlined in its Memorial, is supported by 2448 distinguished citizens of the United Kingdom, including nearly 100 Admirals and Generals; 250 Representatives of Munitions, 100 Privy Councilors, Ambassadors and Members of Parliament; 200 Leaders of Industry; 500 Magistrates; 500 Doctors; 200 Baronets and Knights; 450 Scientists and Educators; 100 Famous Writers and Artists.

The Signatories to the Memorial stand for every department of activity in the Kingdom, represent practically all our leading universities and public schools, and embrace the intellectual strength of the country apart from all churches and temperance organizations.

The Movement is dependent entirely on voluntary contributions, all the money is spent in direct publicity, and an earnest appeal is made for funds to cover the heavy cost of advertising. Please help this Win-the-War movement by raising the found to £100,000.

STRENGTH OF BRITAIN MOVEMENT, LONDON

20 Denman Street, Piccadilly, W.

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION

This book, of the first edition of which one hundred thousand copies were sold in 20 days, has now been adopted by the Strength of Britain Movement, and is re-issued—as "Defeat or Victory?" for, indeed, its publication as "Defeat?" has brought Victory nearer.

A few notes may here be permitted in reference to my original introduction which is hereafter reprinted. Its proof of the indeed self-evident truth that the brewer does not produce milk, but destroys it, has now been officially confirmed by the Food Controller, who, in point blank contradiction of his colleague—supposed to be our Food Producer—now demands a reduction of 30 per cent, in the destruction of food by brewing, in order, he tells us, to favor the production of meat and milk. In this the Committee of the Royal Society now confirms him.

But if a 30 per cent reduction of the present output of beer will save food at the rate of more than 300,000 tons per annum, as Lord Davenport tells us, he and the Government are clearly self-impugned of gambling with the German submarines, the Fate of Freedom being the stake, by permitting 70 per cent of this infamous and colossal destruction of food to continue. It is for the nation to decide whether such sport shall go on, scarcely distinguishable from Imperial treachery and suicide.

Our food supply is at this hour being also impaired by the continued use of freight space in our ships for the import of food which the brewers will destroy; whisky is yet distilled, though we have enough for several years' consumption; and Mr. Prothero, who cannot be unaware that hops are not a food, but a narcotic drug—of all things to grow now—has surpassed himself. At Maidstone on February 1—the day inaugurating Germany's last cast against our food—he stated our hop-gardens to be 31,000 acres, and depreciated the growth of food thereon, saying that the crop would only feed the nation for a day and a half. A few minutes later he called upon farmers "to grow every pound of bread in the country that was possible." A Minister for the growth of food who has alarmed and displeased everyone but the food-destroyers, with an obvious contradiction of the truth which the Food Controller has now stated, and who contrives in one speech to call for every pound of bread and to say that bread for 46,000,000 people for a day and a half does not matter—what has the Strength of Britain to hope from him? As much or as little, one fancies, as from politicians who ask for economy and contributions to the War Loan but who never mention drink and have evidently never heard of the King's Pledge. It

was Lord Kitchener who asked the nation to give up drinking in order to help the War Loans, but he was only an honest man, with no secret masters, the "vendors of death," as Ruskin called them, to serve.

The Government at this tremendous hour knows that there is no answer to the demand of the Strength of Britain Movement, which is supported by millions of our imperial fellow-citizens throughout the world. Is it free and brave enough to do its urgent and palpable duty? Or are the citizens of the Empire, from our Memorialists to the humblest Tommy and the latest recruit of the Salvation Army, to be counted brave and loyal without avail because the King's Government was venal or afraid?

February 10, 1917. C. W. S.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND

If Sir Victor Horsley had been alive, doubtless he would have been asked to write an introduction to this splendid little book. The greatest surgeon of the century left ease and profit to die for Freedom's Trustees in Mesopotamia, whence one of his last letters was a protest which is quoted in its place hereafter. For some statements of a scientific kind our authors came to me in aid of their book. But all that is already available, for a shilling, in the complete new 1915 edition of Sir Victor's and Dr. Mary Sturge's "Alcohol and the Human Body" with its special chapters directed to our experience in this war. To them the reader may be referred for the citation of the evidence when he reads many of the following pages.

As regards the influence of alcohol, used as a pro-German poison in the Army, let there here be only noted that glorious fight, Y. M. C. A. versus Wet Canteen, the longest and most momentous battle of the war, which has been waged with such glorious vigor by Christian and Jew, Anglican, Roman Catholic, Nonconformist, Salvationist, and Agnostic, under the aegis of that most truly Christian Association on the earth.

But the appeal of this book is to the nation; our authors know well that public opinion rules the land, and that it need only say for the Prohibition of this accursed destroyer of our manhood, our food, and our future. To this end Mr. Mee calls upon the strength of Britain as an honorary secretary of the movement he has named in that fine phrase, and of which, as one interested in public health, the basis of all efficiency, I have the honor to be Chairman. From our new Government—which would not be in being had not surrender to alcohol paved the way for its predecessor's failure and fall—the Strength of Britain Movement now awaits an answer to the most wonderful and significant memorial of its kind in history.

No answer but one would appear to be possible, but the issue depends on whether this Government is, or is not, the first in our history that could defy the cannibal trade, which has dictated its will to all Governments hitherto; and that, in its turn, depends upon the people.

We may have what we please. Mr. Lloyd George demands for food "every yard" that can grow it. The Garden of England contains at this moment 30,000 acres of admirable soil, amply manured, that will grow food at last, if we please, instead of bitter rubbish as hitherto. If the Government now allows hops to be grown there, we shall know that when the teetotal Prime Minister of our teetotal King, in the crisis of our history, said "every yard," he

meant every yard the brewers do not want for their already swollen pockets and our destruction.

The problem of the distiller is solved. We need all the alcohol we can get for victory; it would seem obvious that the Committee now trying to secure it would begin by recommending the Prohibition of alcohol for defeat.

But the case of the brewers is not so simple. They have a friend in a high place, who, in a speech containing the greatest compliment to the German Navy and the greatest insult to our own yet heard (that we are a "Beleaguered city") went out of his way to utter the obvious nonsense, which would not deceive one of the infants so mortally concerned with it—that the brewer "produces milk." Certain food produced by the farmer having been destroyed by the brewer, the remainder may feed cows; and this our new Minister of Agriculture interprets as signifying that the brewer "produces milk."

The matter is a serious one. The only essential use of milk is for the infants whom their mothers cannot or will not feed. It should be known to Mr. Prothero that the use of brewers' grains is forbidden to the farmers who supply milk to Copenhagen, the capital city of the world's exemplar in dairy farming; that these grains are condemned by our best medical authority on the production of milk for the infant as involving it in grave dangers; and that enlightened Health Boards all over the world forbid the use of brewers' grains owing to their notorious consequences for the milk, except when moderately used under conditions which in practice are never fulfilled.

The brewer and the distiller are destroyers of food, nothing more and nothing less. Except by the destruction of carbohydrate foods, starch and sugar, they cannot make alcohol. If the alcohol be used for its thousand life-serving purposes, in peace or in war, the destruction of food not still more essential to life is justified; otherwise it is waste and worse, the turning of treasure into trash, of food into poison.

These are simple chemical truths which we should all know had we not been brought up under an educational system which calls chemistry—the very architect of civilization—by the name of "stinks." But for this we should not be deceived when the brewers tell us, for instance, that they use only six per cent of the nation's sugar, less than goes into non-intoxicating drinks. The sugar in non-alcoholic drinks, as in tea or fruit, is used; it burns in the heart and other muscles, and maintains the life. The sugar the brewer takes he destroys so that no man can use it. Further, the brewer does not mention the colossal quantities of starch he uses; but

starch and sugar are simply two forms of the same thing, and all the starch the brewer destroys is food as such, as is the sugar into which it can at any time be turned. These commonplaces of elementary science disputed by no one; in all the trade replies to these pages not one of our food destroyers will challenge this paragraph.

The value of alcohol as a motor, illuminant, source of blessed drugs, and for a thousand industrial uses furnishes the answer to the pietistic section of the alcoholic party who, with the characteristic cunning of the feeble-minded, say that, since God made alcohol, man should swallow it. The argument would apply to petrol or prussic acid. Whatever our concepts may be of God, assuredly He is not mocked by arguments as ignorant or dishonest as these.

To this nation has now come the moment to decide. Whatever our fate, at least it will stand on the national record that there were not a few men and women in Britain who saw the Truth when it was as clear as the sun at high noon, and who knew and proclaimed that the Truth alone could keep us free.

C. W. SALEEBY.

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CHAPTER I

THE GREAT BETRAYAL

THERE does not beat a human heart in Britain, worthy of the freedom it enjoys, that does not throb with pain at the thought that perhaps we may be beaten. In all the range of human thought, in all the emotions that stir the life of man, is nothing more terrible than the thought that perhaps, by some unspeakable calamity, this land of Drake and Nelson May suffer defeat.

It cannot be. It shall not be. We dare not think of it, and the word will not come to our lips. There is not in these islands a soul so dead that he dare talk of our defeat.

And yet there is not in these islands a man with mind so dead that he does not see what all the world can see. We stand confronted with all the powers of scientific deviltry. All Europe rocks and reels. From morning to night, from night till morning, the manhood of the nations is marching to its grave. Not for the first time in this island's story, afflicted Europe looks to her for a refuge and a strength in time of trouble. And Europe has not looked in vain, for this island has done wonders. She has done wonders that we little thought possible. But the things she has not done, the great and noble things that might have kept us company on our redeeming way—ah! what shall we say of these?

We must say of them that this country has deprived herself of mighty powers of victory; that while her young men have gone forth to wounds and death, we at home have done less than our part. For them there were the trenches and the German guns; for us there is Britain still—still the warm fireside, the well-furnished table, and all that most of us want. The sacrifice of war has yet to come for us at home. Out there men bear the burden and the agony; here we read of it and are stirred and thrilled, yet never are we thrilled to supreme sacrifice. There men are true till death for Britain's sake; but Britain is not true in life and ease.

It is time, it is surely more than time, that it was said. It is time, surely, with the war far into its third year, that we took our part in it at home. The power of a nation is not in its materials. Behind its guns and shells, behind its wealth and visible powers, is the soul of the people, without which all is in vain. And the soul of our people, deeply stirred in that far-off autumn of 1914, has lost

touch with those great heights it reached when the Prime Minister led us to believe that no sacrifice was too great with freedom and honor at stake.

We believed it then; our men went out believing it; they went to their graves believing it. But it is not true. We have lost our belief in sacrifice. We have believed we could pull through without it. What has happened is that the Government of this country, in the gravest crisis with which we were ever confronted, declared to our people that, whatever they might have said on our platforms, whatever glowing phrases they sent ringing round the world from the Guildhall, the supreme act of sacrifice we called for abroad was not called for at home. It is pitifully true, and in it lies the secret of the lengthening war.

The war goes on, and will go on, because we have not paid the price of victory. We are shirkers yet.

Let us use plain words. There is a canker in the life of Britain. As a strong man throws off poisons, so do nations in their strength; but the time comes when poisons have their way. And so the time came to Europe. Britain, France, and Russia, when the war burst suddenly upon Europe, had each its great internal problem to be solved. Within a few days Russia made her choice. Within a few weeks France had followed her. A little longer and Britain, too, was face to face with the peril her allies had put away from them.

The Prussian barbarians were pressing on, but the great British power moved slowly. We were short of guns and men, and we were short from a cause that was easily controllable. It was not that our ships could not bring in the raw materials across the sea; it was not that the gates of the world were closed against us; it was not that the war conditions made it difficult for our workshops to rise to the glorious part that fell to them in saving Europe: it was simply that an enemy within our gates, an ancient foe of ours, had its brake on Britain all the time. It was nothing new, except that the brake was pressing more and more upon our wheels; but those who sleep in peace wake up in war, and we found in this hour of our trial what our drink trade really means. We found that while the Prohibition workshops of America poured out shells and guns for us in quantities never known before, the workshops of this country, with an enervating stream of alcohol forever running through them, were doing less than usual.

It was a ghastly discovery for those who had been blind so long, for it meant that this great trade, existing on the social pleasures of our people, stood in our path as we set out to fight once more the

fight that Wellington and Nelson fought. It meant that this trade, serving no other purpose in the world than to gratify acquired appetites, had become an open menace to us all; it meant that in the face of this grave crisis that involved all Europe there arose in Britain a strangling force that broke our ancient power. We were not to throw our whole weight in the scale, but such a weight as we had left when a private trade had done with us. The Bill of Rights is there for all mankind to read, and it says that the Government of a country is constituted for the "protection, safety, and happiness of the people, and not for the profit or private interests of any class of men." That would seem an adequate indictment of a private trade which the King himself declares to have imperiled the supplies of our Armies and our Fleet, and to have prolonged the war. And there we stood, when the war was six months old.

This truth it was that clapped like thunder through the State—that this nation, mother of freedom and guardian of the liberties of the human race, was on the edge of a precipice: we were looking down in the abyss, and we were fooling with drink.

Will it be believed, we may wonder, when the historian comes to write the story of these times, that in the spring of 1915 the destinies of Britain were in the hands of men who saw these things, who knew them well, who were warned—not once nor twice, but many times—that our armies and fleets were in peril through drink, but who listened to the warnings and did nothing. Will it be believed that, though the King himself was moved to shame and indignation by these revelations, though he banished alcohol from all his palaces, though the Minister for War did the same in the interests of the Army, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer did the same in the interests of our national finance, though the Primate led the way for the Church, though the Government of Nova Scotia did the same in the interests of the Empire, the Government of this country took little notice, and the House of Commons mocked at it and laughed it all to scorn? We may predict that it will hardly be believed; but one thing is certain—the historian will see in that the explanation of that public indifference which for two years now has been our peril, and of that reluctance for sacrifice at home which must break the heart of those abroad.

For it is clear as the noonday sun, as plain as the murder of Belgium, what happened when the Government of this country refused to follow the King to victory. The King expected the Prohibition of alcohol; Mr. Lloyd George meant that it should come; Lord Kitchener had already anticipated both; and the fact which

moved them all was the peril in which the nation stood from this private trade. But when, after all that had been said, the Government went on drinking, the argument in the nation was perfectly clear. If the King was right, if it was really true that drink had kept back guns and shells and prolonged the war, no Government on this earth dare have let that thing go on. It was inconceivable that a Government could so betray our country and our Allies in the cause of human freedom; and so the King and Lord Kitchener and Mr. Lloyd George and their advisers must all have been wrong.

It must be said that the argument is sound, and only one thing more is there to say concerning it—that upon that Government there rests, in face of the world and in the face of history, the responsibility of the gravest betrayal of our people in all our annals. That Government could have sown such seed as would have borne fruit like unto a millennium; it could have broken the habits of weakness that have so long endangered this country, and implanted new habits of strength; it could have speeded up the war, hastened victory, and saved the lives and limbs of hundreds of thousands of men; and it could have laid the broad foundations of a British Kingdom of such power as Drake and Nelson never dreamed of, for we should have arrived at the Great Peace with our enemy without and our enemy within both under our feet forever. A little model for the mighty world this realm, this England, would have been indeed.

But no, the opportunity was thrown away. The House of Commons kept open its bars defiantly, that our elected rulers could leave the Council Chamber at any hour they pleased, to patronize, at the bars of Parliament, this trade that the King had banished from his house. We have seen how things work in war; it is not enough, unhappily, to ask a nation to give up this or that. Voluntaryism fails. There are not enough people in any nation who love the nation better than themselves; there are not enough people in any country who love truth better than their selfish interests. We must put a man on his oath in a court of law, we must call for witnesses of this or that. It was not enough to ask that our factories should make as many shells as possible; it was not enough to ask that people should give up buying motor-cars, or using petrol for pleasure, or gambling at race meetings; it was not enough to ask that every able man should offer his life for his country. Slowly but surely compulsion came in such things—how slowly, and how bitterly our army must have paid for it, we know full well. But there was no compulsion—there was not even a Government's encouragement and example—for the greatest need of all, for the sacrifice that would have cost a little

pleasure and put our nation at full strength against her foes. This we could please ourselves about, for, as for the Government, had it not told us that it did not matter?

That Government of the Great Betrayal, and the great hour that came to it, have gone, but the war is with us still, and we are not at the end. The bold decision that would have made the Government immortal in the story of the world was not made. The Government sat down to muddle through as Governments have done before. It made up its mind that it could face the gravest danger in which Britain ever stood with less than her full strength; it made up its mind that, as Francis Drake could go on bowling and beat the Spaniards, so it could go on drinking and beat the Germans too. By their fruits ye shall know them. Sir Francis Drake won his game of bowls and beat the Spaniards; this British Government went on drinking and did not beat the Germans. What it did was to depress the people, to put a millstone round the necks of those who fought for greater strength, to fill with a sense of despair all those who hoped we were in earnest, to dim that noble vision with which we all set out in 1914 on our great journey to the final peace and freedom of the world.

The greatest effort ever made to save us from our greatest foe had failed. One would have thought that Lord Kitchener, Mr. Lloyd George, and the King stood for the strength of Britain in those days, and all three stood for Prohibition. They knew the facts. They knew that we were fighting two great wars; they knew that Germany was pressing on, and that her agents in this country, these hundred thousand fortresses of weakness set up in all our streets, were worth to the Kaiser many divisions of troops. The evidence was there before them; it is written in plain words by the Government's own advisers, by men who had never said a public word for temperance in all their lives, but who saw the enemy before them and did their duty by letting the nation know that it was there. They spoke in vain; we had lost the great moral battle of Downing Street. The three strong men to whom we looked to win the foreign war had lost the war at home, and it was a bad omen. Both here and out in France things went from bad to worse.

Nearly two years have passed since then, and how does it stand with Britain? We stand at the parting of the ways once more; the power that guides our destinies has brought us round once more to the Gate of Opportunity; the golden moment has come back again. We can put on the whole armour of Britain; we can rise—not in courage, but in willingness of sacrifice—to the height of those who

die for us. We can quit ourselves like a great nation and be worthy of our living and our dead; or we can go on drinking and hang our heads in shame as we walk through France and Russia in the years to come.

The hour is striking, and the nation waits.

CHAPTER II

THE TRAGEDY OF MAN-POWER

Is there, in all the story of this war and the years of our life that led up to it, anything more appalling than the man-power tragedy of the British people?

For a generation Germany had been preparing the blow that has fallen on Europe. With all the resources of science at her hand she stalked across Europe like a wolf in sheep's clothing. With the powers she drew from the Electric Age she allied the morals of the Age of Stone.

But what shall we say of our doings in these fifty years since Prussia first became the troubler of the world? We have seen her power grow up in Central Europe, and let us tell the truth—we have allowed an enemy to sow simultaneously in our own country the seeds of a hostile power that were to bear their full fruit when the German blow fell. The drink trade in these fifty years has deprived this country of man-power equivalent to the whole of the British Army under arms.

It could be shown that if all the lives that have been broken and destroyed by drink in these islands had been free from drink and had pursued their normal way, the population of this country would have been many millions nearer to that of Germany; our manhood would have been stronger and cleaner and more enduring. There would have been millions of boys coming up who, thanks to drink, have not been born. When we think of slums, of disease and poverty and all the miseries the poor are heir to, we think of a tragedy of life that is nine-tenths drink. As the plague of flies exists and breeds in all the elements of decay, so the plague of drink exists and thrives in all the elements of degeneration and defeat. Drink cuts down life as a knife cuts chaff, and we count in millions the loss of population that is due to drink in these fifty years while Prussia has been building up her power.

If you would know how we destroy our children, there is a little war book that will tell you: it is Dr. Norman Maclean's noble book,

"Stand Up, Ye Dead." You can read it in an hour or two, and you will never forget it. Unless you have the heart of a Kaiser, it must thrill you through and through. You will learn from it that we sacrifice one-third of our possible growth of population, following in the way of France, which cries in vain today for her lost men. There are other causes than drink for these things, but there is tragic meaning in the words of one of our great Medical Officers of Health, Dr. Millard of Leicester, who says that were he offered the abolition of drink alone, or of all the other enemies of public health put together, he would choose the abolition of drink. And drink does more than rob us of our children; it robs us of the health of hosts of those it leaves alive. It steals the capital strength of a human being before it comes into the world; it brings him into life maimed and crippled, with a millstone round his neck. The very atmosphere of alcohol is harmful to a child. Children subject to its influence are checked in their growth, and the structure of their brains can never reach perfection.

Let us look at a few cases out of many thousands and see what drink is doing with these little ones that come into the world and might be heroes. One of them was born of a drinking mother and it ailed, as the child of a drinking mother will. She took it to a public-house and stood there drinking, and as she stood it died, but the mother went on drinking. The other case concerns a family of eight, living in one room. It is one of the homes the British Army and the British Fleet are fighting for. The eldest boy was 21, and he lay the other day on the only bed in the only room. He was dying of consumption, but that night he was put on the floor, for the bed was wanted for the mother and the little one that was to be born. Then the mother and the baby left the bed for the boy to die in. He was gone in a day or two, and soon the mother, the little baby, and another girl followed him to the grave, a happier place than their English home. There was a man still left who called himself a husband and father, and he celebrated their deaths by getting drunk. There is a country still left, and it calls itself great, but it is the slave of a devilish trade which does things like this and dares to claim the right to live as if it were an honest thing and to be bought out.

We call ourselves a great country, but for all these years a private trade has grown rich by sapping our foundations. We call ourselves the pioneers of health, but all these years a private trade has sown broadcast in our land the seeds of weakness and disease. We call ourselves lovers of children, but all these years we have tolerated a trade that kills them, and we send the men who bolster up

that trade, not to prison or the gallows, but to the House of Commons and the House of Lords. We think ourselves a little model to the mighty world, but it is a vain conceit. Unto whom much is given, of him shall much be required; and in the light of the knowledge in our libraries the existence of the drink trade in this country is a thing that should make us very careful what we say when we speak of men who murder babies from their Zeppelins.

We, too, have our Count Zeppelins; they throw the ugly shadow of their instruments of death over all we do in peace and war. In war this social Zeppelin has brought us nearer to defeat than Napoleon ever could; in peace this Zeppelin drops its bombs of death in every town and hamlet through this land. We feel a thrill of hate, the best of us, as we see a German Zeppelin, creeping like a devil among the stars; but we may hope to live to see the day when every decent man who loves this country will feel a thrill of shame at the thought of what this land was like before Prohibition made it clean. We have to grow as ashamed of a public-house as of a baby-farm. We have to make a constituency ashamed of giving up its place in Parliament to a representative of this foe that kills our children. We are fighting the forces of barbarism in Europe, but there is a force of barbarism in the midst of the United Kingdom that drags the nation down as if a millstone hung about its neck, and everywhere it rises up against us; for every stone that is laid in the slow building-up of the British Millennium is hindered and weakened by this enemy within our own gates.

We are fighting for liberty, and in the name of that same liberty we license in this country a thing more terrible than a German submarine, destroying more lives, and wrecking more homes, and spreading more sorrow in every week of peace than any German submarine in any year of war. The Titanic goes down with its human freight, by accident or neglect, and the whole world throbs with grief; the Lusitania goes down by the act of an assassin, and the whole world is stricken with horror. But if a Titanic or a Lusitania were sunk each week it would not match, in tragic inhumanity, the blow struck by a cruel trade at the heart of our Motherland now.

The most terrible thing about this British social Zeppelin is not that it betrayed our heroes in the trenches, is not that it sold their lives for gold; truly the terrible thing about this trade is that it fouls the very stream of life. We are the trustees of the future; as we hand it down the life of ages to come will be. All posterity sleeps in the bodies of those who live on earth today, all the posterity of the United Kingdom is subject to us now. It is not a selfish cause

for which we fight. We fight to destroy the reptile power of Europe, but we fight for the everlasting future of this land; we fight the fight that Drake and Cromwell and Nelson fought; we fight to keep the man-power of this nation pure and noble and strong for whatever enemies shall come when there are no more Prussias to conquer.

We sit on the banks of Time, and the river of life glides past, until we cross the bar, but there are others coming on, and they are what we make them. We create for them the environment in which they shall live; we put into their bodies the seed that determines the way they shall go. Shall life be worth living for them? Shall the fruit be bitter or sweet?

The terrible truth is that we sow, with our eyes wide open and with the full knowledge of the State, the seeds of bitterness for millions of little children. We think it horrible and barbarous when Germans poison wells and rivers; but what shall we say of Britons who poison life itself for little children yet unborn!

Perplexed with all our social problems; surrounded with slums, with prisons and hospitals with half-made men, and rickety and stunted children, we endow a private trade to buy from the State the right to hand on these things to the future. Is it nothing to us that this social Zeppelin of ours, not content to have stolen our man-power in the past, not content to imperil our land today, not content to turn the happiness of millions into misery through all the years they live, saps the very foundations of our future and writes across the entrance of this world, for millions of children who come through its gates—All hope abandon, ye who enter here. That is what it means when science tells us that the evils of alcohol are not confined to the man who drinks it for his pleasure, but are carried on to the first and third generation. So you may take your pleasure now, and in a hundred years some little child may pay for it in misery, and you will not be there to care.

And in these days this trade goes on. There is to be seen in our towns and cities, as these words are being written, the most appalling spectacle of woe that ever eyes can look upon. The pavements in our streets are made impassable by long queues people, regulated by police waiting their turn outside the whisky-shops. "I wish I could not get it," cried one poor woman bitterly; and another, fresh from prison, was heard to bewail, "They say we shan't be able to get it after Christmas." And hidden from the streets, behind these brick walls that hide the tragedy of the drink-ruined homes of England, every daily paper tells us what is happening.

You have only to step out of doors, or pick up a paper, to see

the battlefields of drink. Dozens of colonial troops, Canadians and Australians, were figthing a day or two ago—not in France, but close by Westminster; not the Germans, but one another; and they went on fighting till one at least was mortally wounded. Forty-five women went out from Sheffield for a ride in wagonettes, and a police officer declared that in 25 years of police life among miners he had never seen such a drunken party. The wagonettes were packed with boxes of beer, and not a woman was sober. At a fire in a Nottingham factory a drunken sailor sat astride the burning roof, and it took three firemen, at the peril of their lives, to stop him jumping into the flames below. At Preston the wife of an army officer was charged with neglecting six children, the youngest lately born, the oldest ten. The house and the children were in a filthy state, and the wife lay drunk with two of her friends. On the table was half a bottle of rum and two bottles of stout; in one day she had bought three quarts of rum, and of £27 received from the army she spent in three weeks £22. An army doctor had told of two cases lately received at Claybury Asylum, one of a soldier's wife who wasted her allowance, neglected her children, and drank herself insane; the other of a man who used to pay income-tax, whom drink has lately driven to this asylum as a pauper lunatic.

They were not isolated cases. Of 68 women who have been ruined by drink during the war, 21 were soldiers' wives, 23 were laborers' wives, 20 were mine-sweepers' widows and wives, and four were soldiers' widows.

So, while our war factories do the best they can with the drink brake on, these factories of madness and ruin and sin work at full speed with hardly a brake at all drawing their heavy tribute from the poor. Such things our poor women buy with the money they should save for reconstruction, but all is well: the coronets glitter in the House of Lords. What a story it would make, the story of the great war fortunes of this trade! It is not long since the managing director of Allsopps regretted that there was not more beer available in the trenches; but the profits of Allsopps were doubled last year and were doubled the year before, so that it is not the brewers who will go to the dogs. They go from wealth to wealth; they ride in their motor-cars for all the world as if they were unashamed; and outside our public houses, if you stand for an hour or two and watch their poor victims, the bitter scenes will stagger you. In one hour nearly 1,500 men and 2,000 women went into four public houses in London; into one public house at London Bridge there went in one hour on a Sunday 344 men, 235 women, and

300 soldiers and sailors. Into our public houses there went in one hour 879 women, 1,205 men and 697 soldiers. Of 5,000 troops given leave from one barracks, most of them abstainers, 659 came back drunk. Two drunken soldiers were wheeled in barrows to a train in Glasgow, and the Bishop of Liverpool tells us that, as he watched a hideous drunken sight at a station, an officer leaving for the Front turned round and said, "What a disgusting sight! If these men were at the Front they would be shot." But they were not at the Front; they were at home, where we drink as usual.

What news do they get from home, these men in the trenches? Pitiful enough it is sometimes. Here is a Christmas story of a corporal who was fighting on the Somme not long ago, but lies in a prison cell today. His wife was one of the thousands of wives who have gone astray in this Age of Drink, and this poor hero, hearing of it, wrote to the Chief Constable of his town. "What have I to look forward to at the end of the war?" He wrote: "Nothing, only sorrow—that is, if I live to come home. I think it will drive me mad." He did come home, and he strangled his wife; and this man, whom his officer called the very best type of soldier, is with the criminals in gaol today instead of with the heroes on the Somme. Such a man, with such a character, ought not to be with criminals, said the Judge; and we shall all agree. It is somebody else who should be there.

Take up yesterday's paper, or today's, or tomorrow's, and your heart will sink as you think one moment of the glory we are fighting for, and the next moment of the sickening horrors that exist at home. In a public-house in Birmingham, in one half-hour, over 200 were seen to enter a bar, all in their teens, and seven were drunk. Two girls of 16 and 17, working on munitions, walked drunk into an explosive works in a Midland town and placed the lives of the workers there in jeopardy.

You do not like to read of such things, but this is the price we pay for drink. A member of Parliament was appealing for recruits, and a young man asked if the Government would look after his wife and children. The M. P. assured him, and the young man enlisted. One day he was wounded, and the time came when he saw his home again. He saw what he saw there, and he went to the House of Commons and called out the M. P. and he refused to shake hands with him because, while he had been fighting to make good a broken word, the Government had broken its word to him, and he had come back wounded to find his home broken up and his wife a drunkard. He had fought to keep the Germans back, but the enemy greater than Germany had destroyed his home. "You should have made

trenches between our homes and the public-house," he told the M. P.; and that M. P. has never listened to wiser words.

So we drink away our strength; so we throw away our powers of victory and our very source of life. There goes out from these islands, all round the British Empire, a precious stream of life that has its source beyond the Tweed; but have you thought of the price we pay for drink in Scotland now? Scotland is ready, and more than ready, for Prohibition; a hundred elected public bodies and 700 churches and societies have begged it from the Government almost on their knees. Glasgow City Council, and her licensing magistrates, have begged for it again and again; but the Government will not give it them, and the things that happen in Scotland are enough to break the heart of man. The crime of drink up there is bad enough in time of peace. Six hundred thousand people in Glasgow live with only room enough for animals; more than half the population have not room to live a decent life. The Medical Officer of Health says there are over ten thousand houses in Glasgow unfit for habitation and he stands for total Prohibition of the greatest cause of all this sickening misery. But day by day and night by night this trade pours its stuff of misery and death down the throats of these unhappy people. It is choking up the very stream of life that runs through Scotland, so that the rulers of these northern towns and cities of the kingdom must stand, as they send their sons to succor Belgium, and see this enemy in our gates destroy the child-life of their land. As cruel and callous a deed is this, committed in cold blood to make a brewer's fortune as any deed committed by Hun.

You have read the ghastly story of the extermination of Armenia. It is dramatic, and you notice it; but you have not read, perhaps, the drying up of this life-stream from Scotland? It is quiet and slow, and it has alcohol and not guns behind it, and you do not notice it; but is anything in this war more appalling than the vital facts of Scotland? In the first full year of war the number of marriages in Scotland was the largest ever known, but the number of children born alive was the smallest ever known. The number of deaths was almost the largest ever known, and the number of deaths among babies was higher than for half a generation past. In these record days of marriage the river of life in Scotland dries up as never before, and those who are alive die faster, and those who are born die in thousands when they would have lived a year or two ago. Is it nothing to us that in the great days coming Scotland will be weaker and not stronger than of old?

I am writing without passion; I am simply telling the truth;

but the simple truth is terrible now. A working man went out from a workshop that I know to fight for his country, and he left behind a wife and three children—a girl 13, a boy of three, and a little child just born. The woman was probably lonely and unhappy—what woman would not be, with a husband over there in front of German guns? Well, this great country offered her one means of escape from loneliness and dullness—she could never be very far from a public-house, with its warm fire and its dazzling lights, and its company of miserable people trying to be happy. And so she started drinking, and the other day she hanged herself, full of remorse and shame for the disgrace she had brought on the man who was in the trenches; and there were waiting for him when he came home, three motherless children and one of the most pathetic letters a man ever has had to read.

Are we a clean and self-respecting people, and do we deserve to win? If we are, and if we do, let us make it clear to the world. It is more than time, for the heart of those who love our England, the heart of those who know the things that are happening now, is nigh unto breaking.

CHAPTER III

THE SOLDIER'S PERIL

It is a ghastly reflection that through all these years, while Prussia has been building up for war, we ourselves have been destroying the very power of victory. Where would Germany have stood today had the man-power we destroyed been at our side in France? The war would have been over. How many lives might these lost men have saved? How much devastation of Europe? What a flood of human misery and tears? But they lie in their graves, and we cry from the depths of our souls for men.

Terrible enough that is, but after all, it may be said, it lies in the past, and we know better now. Yes, we know better now, and we go on in the same old way.

What is the most staggering fact of all that strikes us when we really think of man-power in this country? It is surely this—that while the law of Britain makes it a crime to give alcohol to a little child, while the law makes it a crime to take a boy of 14 inside a public-house, it is within the power of a Government department in this country to take our boys in their decisive years, these boys the law has saved from alcohol, and to drive them, whether they

will or no, into all the perils and temptations of drink. We guard them from it in their childhood, we protect them in their youth, and when the danger of life begins for them we drive them into it.

So, since this war began, we have driven the young manhood of England to live day by day in the atmosphere of its greatest foe; we who say the Lord's Prayer in our churches have led into temptation and delivered unto evil hundreds of thousands of clean British lads who have never touched this thing since they lisped the Lord's Prayer at their mother's knee. These boys who love a game, who know that when they run a race, or play a match, or want to be fit for any noble purpose, they must do as a Polar explorer does and leave this drink alone—what do they think of this game that we call them to, where they can drink and drink and drink again, drink themselves mad to murder their comrades if they will, as one lad did the other day? "Is there nobody to control this drinking in our camps?" the Judge asked as he sentenced this poor boy; and the answer was simply, "No." Not only is there no one to control it, but it pays our regimental funds to have this stuff sold in canteens, for there is a profit for the funds on all the alcohol sold.

There has been some reconstruction in these things, but still the grip of this foul trade is on our camps, and still this vested interest has the first word and the last in the management of our canteens. Lord Kitchener, being dead, yet speaketh, and every man remembers his plea that our men should keep fit by leaving drink alone; but every canteen mocks at him, and by the acts that speak louder than words authority scoffs at him, and tells our young recruits that they need not follow Lord Kitchener, they need not follow the King; it will be enough if they go on drinking and give the state the strength that alcohol leaves them.

So the young manhood of Britain is delivered unto drink, by state compulsion. The stupidity of authority in this country is one of the things that can never be believed. We cry out against the men who were not ready with the guns that should have equipped our army; we cry out against the men who were not ready with the shells, but hardly do we hear a whisper against the men who force this drink into our camps, who care not that they ruin our troops by doing it, who care not if they jeopardize the Empire. They take it to the firing line itself; they sent it out to distant troops, where it causes endless suffering, so that there is always drink available, whatever else is not; when there was hardly a drop of water to drink the few transports that reached our men in Mesopotamia had plenty of room for whisky.

But worse than this is the act of cruelty that authority is capable of, and guilty of, out in the very trenches. There was a shameless paragraph the other day in the papers, which stated that hundreds of thousands of gallons of rum had been sent out to the trenches, the War Office having been satisfied of its medical value. It is an abominable act of cruelty, and the nation is entitled to know who is the degenerate in the War Office who dares to contradict the highest medical authorities in Great Britain. Who is the great medical authority whose word is taken in Whitehall above the word of Sir Victor Horsley, Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, Sir Lauder Brunton and Sir Alfred Keogh? Who is this daring officer of state, and what is the interest he has in defying all experience, all knowledge, and contradicting all authorities by sending out this rum to be the cause of untold suffering? Whose word is it that weighs against the word of Lord Kitchener, the word of Lord French and the word of the Director General of the Army Medical Service, and what strange subtle power can this trade have that overrides them all? The grave question of alcohol within the ranks of our army is obviously closed to full discussion here, but we have the weighty statements of those whose authority is accepted throughout the world to guide us, and they are unchallengeably against the value of alcohol in general and of the rum ration in particular.

But there are other aspects of the effect of drink on troops which need no expert knowledge to discuss, and are vital to us all. In time of peace we teach our boys that drink is bad for them. However men may like it, no serious man pretends that alcohol is good. No man pretends that alcohol helps us at a time like this. As science condemns it on physical grounds in the name of the fitness of our army, so the King himself has condemned it on national grounds in the name of the efficiency of the state. What special type of madness is it, then, that administers this stuff to the army on which our liberties depend? What sort of impression of the authority of science, what sort of respect for the King, do we plant in these millions of young men who see a private trade defying both? And what use will it be for churches and schools and parliaments and doctors and fathers and mothers to tell these lads when they come home that alcohol is no good to them? Surely it must be good, they will argue, if the Government gave it us to fight the Germans with; and so an ounce of this degenerate practice will weigh down any ton of precept.

And then there is that great host of boys, hundreds of thousands strong, who came into the army never having touched this thing—

fine boys with the hope of Britain in them, growing up clean and strong to rule this country in the days of peace. They have never been very far from the public-house, for this trade has put one close by every street. For the sake of a few paltry pounds a year this trade can put temptation in the path of every youth and every girl who walk about this land; but they were proof against it, these hundreds of thousands of boys, and they were growing up as decent men should grow, when the state took hold of them. And now this state that had neglected them so long puts them in the very center of temptation; it wants them at their very best, but it makes it worth somebody's while to poison them. Perhaps they escape temptation here, perhaps they may be strong enough to quit themselves like men, but this temptation follows them to the fighting line, it creeps up to the trenches, and right in the midst of death this insidious enemy makes its way.

So the work of building up the man-power of the future, of giving it moral strength, and splendid vision, and the love of fine. clean things, is undone in a night or two for thousands of young men. Dr. Norman Maclean was riding in a tram, and an old man sat there in great distress. He had lost his boy at the front. When he joined the army he had never tasted alcohol, but he found drink in his camp, he found it in the trenches, he found it all the way between, and when he came home on leave to see his mother he was drunk every night. He was drunk the night he went away again, and in three days he was dead. "The last we saw of him," said the poor old man between his sobs, "was his going away drunk, and his mother, who is old-fashioned in her faith, cannot get it out of her mind that no drunkard can enter the Kingdom of God."

There are tales like this by the hundred, and they lie at the door of whatever degenerate mind it is that overrules these things in Whitehall; but they lie at your door and mine, for we have let the seed be sown, and this is the fruit of the tree.

The power of a trade that can hold its own against the interests of a nation fighting for its life is unthinkable, but it grows from the mastery of alcohol over those who take it. Men may take it, and it may do them little harm, but it will slowly master them. It forms a habit that they will not yield; they like it; they do not see the harm it does them, and why should they give it up because another man may reel and chatter when he drinks? So the strength of a habit weaves itself into the fate of nations. Men do not like to give it up, and so, if they are soldiers, it goes with them into the field; if they happen to be statesmen, or even only politicians, it counts

with them in politics. A well-known public man went out to France. A distinguished member of the House of Lords sent him a case of old brandy, and one day the great man asked for some. "Very sorry, sir," said the orderly, "but there is none left." "What!" said the officer, "where is all that stuff from Lord Blank?" "Very sorry, sir, but a German shell fell into the case and there is nothing left." The great man's fists shut tight and he showed his teeth. "By God! They shall pay for that," said he. They had broken Rheims Cathedral, they had shattered Belgium, they had ruined Serbia and Poland and sunk the Lusitania, but, by God! they should pay for destroying his brandy. It is the sort of mind that sits in Parliament and has its way in Cabinets. It does not like the disturbance of its social habit, it does not know how drink reacts upon us all; it believes that Sir Conan Doyle is a crank when he says that the drink that is one man's pleasure is another man's death.

And so this trade must follow the army all the way. It begins at the camp; it ends at the trenches. It is not true that it does men good and makes them warm; it does them harm and makes them cold. But the truth is the last thing authority wants. Authority wants to be left alone in its little Government office, doing the old thing in the old way and letting the knowledge of the world go by; it wants to renew the old contracts with the old firms. "Things have always been done like that, and we don't want these busybodies here." It is not even true that rum is the only thing we can give our men in the trenches. There are hot drinks that we can give them—tea and coffee and cocoa and drinks made from meat—things that spur a hero on, with the sugar that goes to the hero's aid and makes him twice a hero when he leaps the parapet.

It is one of the marvelous things about the human body that at a time like that, when a man is facing death, the sugar in his blood comes to his aid and makes him twice the man he thought he was. At the sight of danger, by the law of a higher power than man, the sugar in a man's blood is increased by one-third, as if Mother Nature knew that her son had need of strength; and it is then, and at that very hour, that the British Government gives its men a drink that makes them cold, and that can only be made by the destruction of the sugar that would make them warm. It is unthinkable, incredible, but it is true, and it is not true that there is no alternative. It should be known to every man in the four corners of the United Kingdom that the Y. M. C. A., the most efficient organization in the whole area of the war, is able and ready to relieve the authorities of the labor of dealing out rum, and to supply every

man in the firing line with hot tea or coffee or cocoa. There is not a physiologist in this country whose heart would not be glad at the thought of that; there is surely not a patriot who would not leap with joy if it were done.

The pitiful truth is that the state provides the means of degeneration, and leaves it to the Y. M. C. A. to lift a man up. Everywhere throughout the war the great moral forces and the forces of humanity are confronted with this hostile trade. It hinders the Y. M. C. A., it hampers the Red Cross; there is not a moral or a social worker, not a doctor or a Red Cross nurse, who would not gladly see it swept away. Where a town does its duty, says one of our Brigadier Generals, the army is clean and sober. At Bedford, with bright and happy places for the men to go to, he had no drunkenness with his men, but at Perth, where nobody cared, whisky was literally forced down their throats, and they were inundated with women.

We may be thankful that there still are in Britain great forces of humanity that dare to fight this trade and all its works. Two things there are, if there were nothing else to say against this trade, that should make every man and woman in these islands blush with shame. It is bad enough to withhold from our men in the trenches whatever help we can send them; but it is worse to break their strength as they go out and to shatter their hope when they come back stricken. And drink does both. It robs them of the power to endure in the task that lies before them; it robs them of the chances of recovery when they come back wounded men.

There are two organizations in Britain that no man living will ever forget. One of them keeps met fit; it guards them from the great temptations this trade puts in their way. It is the Y. M. C. A. The other cares for men when they are sick and wounded; it touches with humanity this hideous carnage of men. It is the Red Cross. And drink is fighting both.

Every soldier loves the Y. M. C. A., with its red triangle. It has done whatever an organization can to redeem the state from the shame of its canteens and public-houses. It gives the men a bright and comfortable place when they can read and write, and have music and coffee and good friends and good company. Let us remember, as long as we live, that the Y. M. C. A. has kept thousands of our soldiers clean and strong when drink would have ruined them. It has saved for the army thousands of men whom public-houses would have made unfit. It saves our munition workers, too, wher-

ever it can, from all the temptations of our streets, and from the drink they can always find close by in some foul tap-room.

We have only to be a decent nation to realize the dishonorable folly of thrusting our men into the midst of such temptation while we train them for the great war of Europe. We should not train them so for any race with a smaller prize; we should not train them so for any voyage of discovery; we should not give them such conditions for any great industrial piece of work for which we were urgently waiting. We have only to be honorable men to agree with that solemn appeal by the Times in supporting Lord Kitchener's protest against drink:

"Supposing these men were preparing themselves to uphold the honor of their country in the Olympian Games," said the Times. "Their friends would help them and would be filled with horror if they saw one going wrong. To encourage him to drink would be held an act of treachery deliberately intended to injure him and the national cause. What are the Olympian Games, or any other contests whatever, compared with this? They are play, make-believe. This is the real thing, the true test of manhood. Is our manhood, then, to be a shame or an honor to us?"

No man who loves his country is there who would not respond to that appeal, and what we do in daily practice the Y. M. C. A. does for us as a nation. The state allows this trade to tempt our men; the Y. M. C. A. does what it can to save them from temptation. It is giving to the army what all wise men have craved for so long for our people—a counter attraction to the public-house. We set up a big munition works in a provincial town, and of course the Y. M. C. A. must go with one of its fine huts. It is a shameful thing to say, but before it arrived the only recreation this country offered these munition men was in three filthy public-houses. The Y. M. C. A. altered all that with their hut, but when the Y. M. C. A. asked for sugar for the men's hot tea and coffee, they ordered a ton and got about 50 pounds. The Y. M. C. A., which is saving our men and giving them a home from home, could not gets its sugar because the public-houses were using it up to ruin our men and weaken them. The drink trade hates these huts with the red triangle. "What on earth do we want these things for? What is wrong with the public-house?"

And it goes without saying that drink is the enemy of the Red Cross and all its work. It is one of our army Colonels, a well-known surgeon who has had 50,000 wounded men pass through his hospital, who declares that alcohol has added enormously to their suffering; and it is another Colonel who has called attention to the tremendous relief from strain that would come to the medical and

nursing profession if the drink trade could be stopped. He gives the case of a hospital in a Midland town which has to deal with about 400 people a year who come to it through drink; and if we multiply a case like this for the whole United Kingdom we can realize the heavy burden that must fall on doctors and nurses and hospital staffs. Not less but more this burden is in these days—how much more we can imagine from a table of accidents prepared on the corporation tramways in Glasgow. It is a time-table of four hours on a Saturday night in war time, and it gives only accidents in which drink was officially returned as the cause. Between 6:15 and 10:20 p. m. there were sixteen of these accidents—that is to say, there was a drink accident on the Glasgow tramways every quarter of an hour. If we take the case of every town and every hospital and every doctor's private practice, the drink strain on doctors and nurses and their staffs is past all conception, and the strain reacts heavily on the medical work of the army.

We cannot know what that strain is; nor can we know how many thousand wounded men are still in hospitals today who would long ago have been back fighting but for drink. Thousands will never recover at all who would have been well and fit now but for this trade that tempted them and struck them down. Thousands and tens of thousands are down with a foul disease who would have been fit now under Prohibition. Many are madmen now who would have been a credit to their country, fighting for it, had the Government followed the King. Back from the trenches with severe nervous strain, men cannot stand the shock of alcohol. This poison that acts so slowly in times of normal health acts quickly now. A convalescent asked for leave. He was well enough to go, but in four hours he came back drunk with whisky, and died after a terrible night. From one hospital alone a large percentage of wounded men have been sent back to Canada driven mad by drink, and the state has considered its duty done by sending a man to prison.

There are limits to the strain that a human mind can bear, and we must leave these things of bitterness and shame. We need the heart of a Prussian to dwell overlong on the harvest Britain reaps from drink.

CHAPTER IV

THE MENACE TO THE EMPIRE

Even in these dark days there are consolations for the friends of freedom. There is the thought that never again can these things be if we are worthy of our trust. If we put in one scale all the ghastly things of these days and in the other scale no more than the unbreakable unity of the British Empire, the gain will weigh down the loss. It is said that the Huns have bound the British Empire in new bonds, and it is true; but one thing more is true: it is true that this drink trade is sapping the bonds that bind our Dominions to the Motherland. We can never be defeated, Carlyle says, save by ourselves, and we sit in these dark days and watch a private trade sowing all about us the seeds of our defeat.

Can anything be more hopeless than this—that with the cure for our national cancer in our hands we let the cancer grow and spread and fix its grip more firmly on these islands? In these days, when the Empire offers up its noblest life for us, we fling them back this cancer. They come to us, they give themselves, they give their money and their men to crush this foul thing that we call the German Empire, and they find themselves confronted and imperiled in their Motherland by an enemy fouler still, menacing and compassing not only the ruin of their noblest manhood but the ruin of little children yet unborn. Let us look at the relations of the Empire to this trade. Our Dominions know it well; they have it in their grip, and they go the way of America, which is driving out alcohol as fast as election time will let them.

The Empire knows. From Wellington to Saskatchewan the eyes of our people are on the Motherland, half fearing, half pitying her weakness in the presence of her home-bred foes. When the Empire sends us men they come from Prohibition camps; when the Empire sends us shells they come from Prohibition shops.

You have seen these splendid men from our Dominions marching through the streets; heroes they look like long before they reach the war. They breathe the air of the boundless spaces of the Empire, of the prairies of Canada and the wheat-lands of Australasia. They show us the sort of men the British Empire is bringing up to rule the world when we are gone. Well, the other night I shook hands with one of their captains, and he was burning with two great passions. He was ready to die for England, and he was ready to

live to smash this curse of drink. "Send us as many shells as you like," said he, "but for God's sake keep your liquors back. Our men come from a decent country; they come to you in thousands free from alcohol, many from Prohibition areas in New Zealand; and they come here and find drink in your camps; they come up to London on leave and have this stuff poured down their throats; they go out to France, and your horrible British beer follows them to the firing line; all the way up it goes. They could stand the light French wines, but all these houses on the way with British Beer Sold Here are death-traps to our lads."

And almost on the day that I met this Anzac Captain a Canadian Captain was writing a letter in France—I have it by me as I write. It is burning with indignation that, while Canada is on fire from end to end for Prohibition, while she pours out her manhood to fight for England and drives out drink to prepare a clean country for those who return, England takes these men of hers, these fine young men from Prohibition Canada, and will not let them keep from drink, but will force it on them whether they will or no. It is time that that were said.

The Canadian Government in the early days of the war issued an order that there should be no alcohol in the Canadian camps. They were willing to go Lord Kitchener's way, and leave this thing alone. They sent their men from clean Canadian camps—camps to which there was no admittance for alcohol or any other traitor to the strength of Britain. They sent their men in Prohibition ships—not a drop of alcohol did these men touch in that great fleet that brought them to these shores. And then they touched our earth, the soil of England, the soil that Linnaeus kissed for all that England meant to him, the soil a Belgian mother kissed for all that England meant to her. But what has this soil of England, in which freedom grew, meant for our Empire's sons? For thousands of them it has meant everlasting ruin in this world, disease and disaster for them and broken hearts in their distant homes. What happened to these Canadian men from Prohibition camps was that they were placed in camps where this drink trade followed them against their will, in which we drove it after them, in which we have let it work its way and mar their manhood and sap their character and break their strength. It was the thing they feared in Canada, the thing that sent a shudder through many a wife and mother as the man who was all in all to her left her to fight for Britain. One thing only they asked their Government; they asked that the manhood of Canada, that they gave into Britain's keeping, should be

protected from this terrible trade. They made a formal request to the responsible member of the Government that this should be, and they received an assurance that it should be so. The order of the Canadian Government was that no alcohol should be sold or drunk in Canadian camps, but the desire of the Canadian Government was overruled in England. The only condition that Canada made in sending her manhood to fight for us was put aside. No words can measure the terrible results of that decision. "Do not be surprised," said a great Canadian, "if you lose Canada over this."

It is not vain talk; it is the natural consequence of preferring the interests of a private trade to the interests of the British Empire. In the tug of war between drink and munitions in the early days drink was winning all the time; in the tug of war between the Empire and the drink trade at its heart drink wins again. No petition for a quarter of a century has been so widely and readily signed in Canada as the great petition of protest from wives and mothers to the Prime Minister of the Dominion. For weeks thousands of mothers and wives were signing it every day, and in one month in Ontario alone over 60,000 married women signed their names. "We do not believe," said this petition, "that our King will refuse the aid of Canada's sons, nor appreciate our patriotic efforts less, if you keep faith with us and make it known to his Ministers and commanders that our boys are sent on the one condition that intoxicating liquors shall be prohibited in their ranks." I have a letter on my desk from a Canadian officer, written at the front a month or two ago. Here is this voice from the battlefields of France:

> Canadian mothers have said that if England will not respect our ideals in our own Canadian Camps, we will not send our sons! A huge mothers' and wives' and sisters' petition was sent to the Canadian Government on this question over a year ago and hundreds of Canadian women who love England have refrained from urging their men to enlist. I am convinced that could our Canadian women have seen the difference made by one month on a wet transport and a wet camp in England, thousands of men would have been urged by them not to enlist. Obviously the daughter who is mistress in her own house cannot dictate to the mother, but she must guard her own sons, even at the expense of sacrificing the appearance of loyalty. The ties that bind her to the Motherland can only be strengthened by any Hunnish power, but it is a terrific wrench on our conscience to send men out to stand between the two fires of the Hun and King Alcohol.

How many people in this country realize what Canada has done to save the British Empire? She has followed the King. She has set up a war-producing area over 4,000 miles of territory, with enormous workshops—every one a Prohibition shop. Prohibition

has swept the Dominion as by fire; except in Quebec no alcohol will be sold in Canada until the war is won. She takes her stand with the King and the Czar; she is the courageous ally of Russia and of France. She will have nothing to do with this trade that held back guns and shells while her men were dying for them out in France. She will sweep it out of Canada and have a clean country for those who go back. Crime is rapidly disappearing, and there is a general quickening up of life and industry throughout the provinces. It is literally true that in one part of Canada the citizens have held a social gathering in an empty gaol to celebrate Prohibition, and towards the end of 1916 the gaol at Toronto was closed.

So Canada equips her men to fight for Britain; so she prepares her wide Dominions for those who go back. Leave Canada for a moment and turn to Australia. What does Australia think of our capitulation to this trade, Australia that will not have this trade in its canteens and sends its Anzac men, every one of them, from Prohibition camps to die for British liberty? What does Australia think of a Motherland that lets its Southern children buy up all their wheat on their wide continent, that receives the offer of this wheat with profound expressions of gratitude, and then finds, when it looks for ships, that we are too short of ships to fetch the wheat, though ships are busy all the time bringing in stuff for beer and whisky and gin? We do not know, but we may make a shrewd guess what Australia thinks from the action of her Prime Minister, who, finding us short of ships with a great drink fleet working all the time, came over here and bought a fleet, and did what he could to put a stop to such an imperial scandal as that. A fine spectacle for the British Empire!

And now turn to Africa. There are within the Empire immense reserve forces of native labor, willing and capable of rendering service to the Allies in non-combatant work. Very well, says Sir Godfrey Lagden, who knows the native well, use him by all means, but whatever you do remember this—that one reason why we fear to use the native peoples is that it is a public danger to expose them to drink. Go back a few years, and listen to another of our African statesmen, Sir George Goldie, founder of Nigeria, who said that drink was bringing about a state of things which, if it were not controlled, must lead to the entire abandonment of that country; and now come to the chief heroic figure that war has ever produced in Africa, General Botha. We find his opinion in the official records of the South African Parliament, for he told that Parliament not

long ago that unless the Government took severe measures to deal with drink it would become impossible for a white man to live in South Africa.

So this hideous trade weaves itself into the very fabric of the British Empire; but even yet we have not seen the full and bitter truth of it. These Empire men who come to fight and die for us, who give us their strong limbs, clear minds, and loyal hearts and lay them on our altar—what do we give them back again?

We know something about venereal disease—we are allowed to talk about this devilish thing at least; we know that drink is the cause of most of it, that drink leads men into temptation, reduces their power of resistance, and decreases their chance of recovery. But perhaps we do not know the ghastly truth about this foul disease: that it carries a canker to the grave and even beyond the grave, for it winds its way like a snake through the lives of little children from one generation to another. In peace time in our small British army the lost days from this cause alone were over 200,000 in a single year, and if things were no worse than that in these days the lost days in our present army would be over six millions in a year. That is bad enough truly, but what are lost days compared with lost men? And what shall we say of our lost men, the men who came into our camps fit and strong and willing to offer up their lives for freedom, but are fit no longer and can strike no blow for freedom because this enemy at home has struck them down and made them things of shame? We are not allowed to publish figures that throw light on ghastly things like this; the truth would be so terrible that even this insolent drink trade could hardly survive it, for drink, as Dr. Saleeby says, is the great confederate of venereal disease, and the removal of drink, as the Royal Commission on this subject said, would be an enormous factor in fighting this foul thing.

We may not tell the truth, but we may say that the truth would set all Canada on fire. Is this how we pay the Empire back for all its love and devotion and death? They lend their manhood to us, clean without and clean within, and some of it we can never send home again; but those men we do send back, shall they go back to their mothers and sisters, back to our clean Dominions, with the seeds of drink and venereal disease in them? Is this to be the gift we send to Canada and Australasia, to these wide healthy spaces of the earth that are free from this foul thing? Are these the seeds we are sowing now for the great British harvest of the days to come? Was it for this the Anzacs came across the sea to

perish on Gallipoli? Is it for this that Canada's young men leap over the top in the Valley of the Somme?

Here is the story the wives and mothers of Canada have been reading of the boys and men they sent out to us on their Government's word that they should be free from the temptation of drink. Some of these men wounded in the trenches were in an English hospital; their broken bodies were at the mercy of the state. Their mothers and wives were assured that they would be protected from the only enemy they feared, but these men went out of hospital on leave and they went back drunk, and a Canadian doctor from the hospital stated on his oath that a large percentage of these wounded troops had to be sent back to Canada rendered permanently insane by alcohol.

What sort of a nation is it that, at a time like this, flaunts this stuff of insanity in the face of its soldiers everywhere, that brings these fine young men from the Empire to live or die for you and me, that mocks the thought that they should leave this stuff alone, and puts it in their way to ruin them and drive them mad? What sort of laws are they that license men to sell this stuff, and send them to prison for selling it to turn our heroes into lunatics? What sort of men are they who put this drink in our canteens and give the regimental funds a profit on the sale of it? I love my country; I think of the British Empire as the greatest instrument raised up by God to spread His Kingdom through this world; but, for the life of me, I can see not a pin to choose between the men who send our Empire's manhood home with the seeds of ruin and disease in them, and the men who throw children to the sharks and sink a Lusitania.

Draw up your imperial balance sheet, and here are some items for you:

Drink sending back to Canada and Australasia the seeds of this cancer we will not cure at home;

Drink sending to our Dominions the seed of foul disease;

Drink keeping back a huge reserve of man-power;

Drink threatening the very existence of Nigeria;

Drink imperiling the mighty future of South Africa;

Drink alienating and defying, in this great imperial hour, the mothers and sisters and wives without whose aid the Empire cannot stand.

We are the Empire builders of the world; let us see that we build like men and not like imbeciles.

CHAPTER V

LET US CALL THE WITNESSES

It is time the whole nation knew that an enemy in their midst has prolonged the war. If the newspapers were to tell the truth to the nation in the morning they still might save the state from a dishonored page in history. We hunt out our spies; we find a little tailor here or a little waiter there, and we lock him up; we strip the gorgeous colors off our traitor princes; we dissolve a German partnership and wind up a German bank; but this enemy trade goes on its prospering way, and it does more damage to Britain and the war than if every little German tailor and every little German waiter and every German bank were left free to do their work. If every German in this country walked about our streets, if the gates of our internment camps were flung wide open, that would be less harmful to us and less helpful to the Kaiser than the liberty we give this drink trade, with its sentinels in every town and hamlet, its headquarters' staff entrenched behind gold ramparts, and its chief men in Parliament.

These are not times when we need be over-nice with words. We may call the German Emperor an assassin when we meet him; we may call this drink a traitor every time we meet it up and down the land. If the truth about the trade were known as widely as the truth about the Lusitania there would go up in this country such a cry of burning shame, such a prayer to God for help, that no Government could stand one hour in Downing street until all these pro-German forts had been struck down. Let the truth here be told. We shall see that in this hour when Europe rocks and reels, when Europe turns to Britain once again for its salvation, Britain lies in the grip of an enemy that binds her hands and chokes her breath. We toil and pray for the power that will help us to destroy cancer; but cancer is not personal only, it is national too. What should we say of any man who had the cure for cancer in his keeping, and held it back because it was profitable to him that millions of men and women should suffer this great agony? Well, we have in our keeping the cure for this cancer at the heart of Britain, and we keep it back. It pays a private trade to give us a million pounds a week to keep it back, and we—we who say what we say about the Germans—are willing that it should be so.

Let us call up the witnesses and see the evidence against this

traitor trade. We will call no witness whose word would not be taken in a court of law; we will confine ourselves to facts that are unassailable.

We keep the deepest scorn of our British race for those who see others in danger and refuse to help. We are unworthy of our living and our dead in France unless we are giving every ounce of our strength to help our country now. Yet what have we seen in these thirty months? We have seen the greatest private trade in Britain working against us all the time. There is not a shadow of doubt about it; the bitter truth of it rings through the world. There is hardly a country in which the papers have not wondered at it; there is no part of our British Dominions where the fact does not cause shame and pain. For thirty months this trade has been as a brake on the nation. If there were a man in this country of whom it could be said that he had added months to the war his doom would be at hand in the hour that that was known, and yet, though this is true of no single man, it is true of the drink trade ally of the German Emperor. There are the highest authorities in all the British Empire for saying that.

We know the ghastly ways in which our enemy has worked its will abroad; we know too well of the ruthless destruction of Belgium, the enslavement of helpless and innocent people, the butchery of men and women and children, the stealing of the food of civil populations, the throwing of little children to the sharks, the sinking of peaceful ships at sight. Those have been the ways of the enemy power abroad; what have been the ways of the enemy power at home? It has robbed our people of their food; it has robbed our army of guns and shells; it has robbed our fleet of shipping power and slowed down ships to make a target for a German submarine. It has kept our men from labor on which liberty depends; it has tempted the wives of our soldiers and driven them to ruin and death; it has stolen the food of little children and of wounded soldiers; it has rewarded wounded men by planting in them the seeds of raving madness; it has used up sugar while soldiers have begged for it in vain. It has slowed down transports while the bitter needs of war have cried insistently for help. It kept back machine guns from men dying for them in the trenches; it kept back shells for want of which men died while Germany bound herself round with a ring of steel. Those are the ways in which our enemy has worked at home.

It may be that you will not believe; it has been the tragedy since Calvary that men will not believe. We would not believe

Lord Roberts when he said the war was coming; we would not believe him when he pleaded that we should be ready; we would not believe him when, in almost his last words to his country, he warned us that drink was prejudicing our chance of victory.

The nation never will believe. But for those who would know the truth, who will give a few minutes of their lives to know the terrible truth about Britain now, the facts are clear and readily available, and we may look at them. They cover the six great fields of activity upon which our liberties depend in these days—Food, Labor, Munitions, Transport, Money, and our Defensive Forces. There is not one of these fields of national service in which drink has not enormously reduced our efficiency, and in which the Prohibition of the drink traffic from this day next month would not enormously increase our efficiency.

CHAPTER VI

THE DESTRUCTION OF FOOD

The plain fact about drink and food is that since the war began we could have had, at the very least, three and one-half million more tons of food in this country if there had been no drink trade. Drink has stolen one pound of food from every home in this country for every day of the war. That is what we have paid in food to keep the drink trade going.

This nation is not so insane that it is much impressed by the money the drink trade is spending to advertise nonsense about grains and percentages. In the presence of this gigantic evil, with this wholesale destruction of food going on, while shortage and famine loom threateningly ahead, we need not bother overmuch with brewers and distillers who sit down and calculate their nice percentages. It was in darker days than these—in 1915—when the brewers sent round their appeals to those who could not go to the front. The men in one brewery were wanting to go, but the directors could not spare them, for the great trade advertisements were shouting in big type that "If you cannot go to the front, you can give up cocoa and drink ale," and somebody must stop at home to make the ale. "If we must reduce our expenditure on food," said another of these appeals, "that is one more reason for drinking beer." And, of course, at one time we are told that beer is food, and then that there is so little food in beer that it is not worth the saving. The trade in drink is not really interested in food, for

they are deadly enemies. The drink trade lives on the destruction of food. It is the simple fact that alcoholic liquors cannot be made without destroying food, and that they survive by absorbing water and so creating thirst: that is to say, this trade exists and flourishes by consuming food and water, the two vital needs of life.

The actual loss of foodstuffs through the drink trade since the war began would have been enough to feed London all the time. The destruction of food at any time is an evil thing; the destruction of food on an island which grows only one loaf in every six it eats is beyond all pardon in time of peace; but the wholesale destruction of food on such an island in war time is a crime of the greatest magnitude. We own one-quarter of the earth, and we grow enough bread in the heart of the Empire to last our people only two months; we give up as much land in this country to beer and whisky as we give to wheat; we give less and less to wheat and more and more to drink. The wheat acres have gone down, but the drink acres have been growing all the time, so that today this trade robs us of two months' security against famine every year. For every acre we give to growing wheat for food, drink takes an acre for destroying food; the land wasted on drink in this country would make a field a mile wide from England to America. So drink destroys our food supplies and hinders the proper cultivation of the land, but it does infinitely more than that: it prevents the production of food at home and wastes the food that comes from abroad. It does all that in normal times; but in times like these drink stops the bringing in of food; with famine threatening, it wastes the food it gets, it keeps the bread from people's mouths, and it uses up or holds back ships that would bring in supplies. In the crisis of our food supplies this trade was found destroying wheat itself, so that an order of the Board of Trade was necessary to protect our very staff of life against these men who deal in death.

We need not be surprised that the Board of Trade should be called upon to stop a crime like that; the surprise should be that the War Office has not long since stopped a crime far worse. Men lie recovering from their wounds in hospitals, or stand on guard in trenches, or go through their training camps, and ask in vain for the sugar that they need. We give them all too little sugar all the time, but this trade can always get it; it uses up more sugar than the army. A friend of mine has come home paralyzed from Egypt. He was ready to give his life for England, but so far he has only given his health and strength. He is back in a London hospital, not far away from the docks where sugar arrives in thousands of

tons; but he asks in vain for sugar in his tea, for this vital need of life is not for him; it is for his enemy trade, which, just across the road from this great hospital, is dragging women down, starving children and killing babies fast.

It has been estimated that the loss through lack of sugar on home-made jams alone was £4,000,000 in 1916; yet there was never a day when there was not sugar enough for all the beer the people wanted. A Nottinghamshire farmer wrote last year that he sent 55 cwt. of plums to market, and the price hardly paid for the picking and the carriage because sugar was so dear and scarce; yet one day in that week 15 tons of sugar went to a brewery close by. The harvests have failed, the demand for food increases, but we waste food all the time, while the President of the Board of Trade cries out that the solution of the food problem is as necessary for winning the war as anything else. All the sugar brought to this country must come by long journeys, occupying the precious time of ships; it comes to find this country gasping for it, but it finds the brewers gaping for it, and the brewers win. They always win. It pays them to destroy our food. There is no way like it for making money easily.

We need not be deceived by such nonsense as is talked about the value of beer as food. It is rubbish, and it is answered forever by the Official Syllabus of the Board of Education. To obtain any real nourishment from beer we should have to drink so much that the good would be more than weighed down in the scale by the harm of the alcohol, and apart from that the cost would be too great. It is not true, either, that beer facilitates digestion; according to the Board of Education, beer taken in sufficient quantities to be nutritious interferes with the digestive functions and checks the absorption of food into the blood.

The greatest investigation ever made into the health of the British people was made by the Committee on Physical Deterioration in 1904, and the Committee has made it impossible for those who love truth to claim any virtues for alcohol as food. It stated its solemn conviction that the state should teach that the highest degree of muscular vigor and attainment would be reached by total abstinence from alcohol; that the alcohol habit, even when it does not reach drunkenness, is always poisonous; that alcohol as a food or tonic is useful to nobody but harmful to all, and that it complicates and renders more serious every acute illness.

The talk about beer as food means simply this, that we must destroy tons of food to get pounds, in order that brewers may grow

rich on their way to the House of Lords. The sum of this question has been put by the War Savings Committee in its official statement that immense quantities of food materials are being lost and wasted, and that if it were not so food prices would be lower. There has never been a day since the price of food went up when the Government could not have put down prices by throwing on the market these immense quantities of food that drink destroys. We pay more for everything because produce, shipping and labor are scarce, and for all this drink is largely responsible. Bread is dearer partly because drink has used up corn enough during the war to feed the nation for nearly a year, and sugar enough to feed the nation for 100 days. Shipping is scarce partly because drink has used up hundreds of millions of cubic feet of shipping space, equal to a fleet of many large ships working all the time. Labor is scarce partly because the drink habit seriously reduces the efficiency of good workmen, and keeps vast numbers from working at all.

We hear much of the value of this trade to cattle, but a trade is in desperate straits when it defends itself against a charge of starving men and women and children by saying that it feeds the pigs. There is no real relation between this trade and cattle foods; we can do without it all the time, as the greatest dairying countries in the world do, as Canada does, as Russia does.

The amazing statement has been made by Mr. R. E. Prothero, of the Board of Agriculture, that but for brewers' grains we could not send milk to our big towns as we do. It is obvious and utter rubbish; with the profound respect due to our Board of Agriculture, it is hard to write without contempt of ignorance like this. We may despair of our business Government, indeed, if we are to listen to much of this treason to knowledge. It is as if we should take the food from a table and claim the gratitude of the hungry children for leaving them the swill-tub. The drink trade does not make cattle food; it destroys cattle food. The trade does not make milk; it destroys it. The brewer takes good barley, destroys the best of it, and leaves the worst for cattle and pigs. He takes 100 pounds of barley and leaves 30 pounds of cattle food, chiefly husk and woody fiber; the rest goes into drink, and what has happened is not that we have gained 30 pounds of poor cattle food, but that we have lost 70 pounds of good cattle food and spoiled 30 pounds more. Out of 100 pounds of good food we have 30 pounds of bad. The case could not be better put than in Mr. Charles Smith's letter to the Times. Of 65,000,000 bushels of grain destroyed by the drink trade in the year ending September 30, 1916,

24,700,000 bushels are changed into alcohol, carbon-dioxide (a poisonous drug and a poisonous gas), yeast and sediment—mashtub and barrel bottoms;

9,970,000 bushels are washed away, turned into gas, or evaporated as water;

19,500,000 bushels are barley husks and malt culms—two deteriorated residues useful as cattle food, but for that purpose inferior to equal measures of barley;

11,050,000 bushels remain in the intoxicating liquor in a decomposed and putrefying condition, pickled in alcohol.

The liquor traders have not made any cattle food. They have taken 65,000,000 bushels of that commodity and reduced it to 19,500,000 bushels, while impairing the quality as a feeding article. In every direction they have impaired where they have not destroyed.

That is well said. The scientific truth of barley and brewers' grains is that while the brewers' grains possess 5.0 albuminoids, 0.4 fats, and 9.4 carbo-hydrates, barley meal possesses 14.0 albuminoids, 2.0 fats, and 63.0 carbo-hydrates—a total of 14.8 of precious nourishment against 79.0.

Our Minister of Agriculture knows agriculture and the Psalms. If he will look at No. 79 Leaflet of the Board of Agriculture he will find that the brewers' wet grains contain one-fifth of the value of the barley; if he will look at his great book on the Psalms he will find that the cattle on a thousand hills are the Lord's, and he will wish to feed them on the food the Lord's earth yields for them, and not on the poor stuff the drink trade yields. The good farmer does not use the brewers' grains for cattle; the greatest dairy farmers in the world will not use them; they are not allowed to be used for the cows that yield the milk and butter for Copenhagen; and the authorities on infant feeding tell us why. The brewers' grains make milk dangerous for infants. But, in any case, if this trade is necessary for milk, what happens in that half of the world now living under Prohibition?

We are asked to believe, also, that without this trade we should starve for want of bread—"for where would the yeast come from?" It is not long since the brewer's yeast was thrown on the land as manure, where his finished product still might go with great advantage to the state; but, in any case, his yeast is poor and second-best. We can get all the yeast a nation wants without a drop of beer, and thousands of bakers make their own, which keeps better and is purer than the brewer's.

But even if we take this trade in its relation to our cattle, it

stands condemned on the face of it. We need the word of a man who knows these things, and there lies before me a letter from a miller who does most of the selling for a firm with a huge annual trade.

"I have been painfully struck," he says, "by the fearful calamity to the nation that arises through practically all the barley going for malt instead of feed. Before the war we used to make £6 per ton with our fine sharps, when we did well. This is pre-eminently the food for little pigs and poultry, as barley-meal is pre-eminently the food for pigs over 12 stones. Our price in July was about £10. Since then it has gone up week by week, and in November, 1916, it was about £16. Even now the demand far exceeds the supply. To add to the troubles of the pig-feeder, the bulk of the fourths has now to go into the flour, and food for stock is practically unobtainable in the market. Poultry also are being sold, with the result of a continuous scarcity of eggs. The irony of the whole matter is that at our very doorstep there is abundant food for pigs and poultry. Thousands of quarters of barley change hands in Lincolnshire every week, nearly all to waste. I have no time to carry this matter far, or I should write to every paper in the Kingdom. . . ."

But the papers are full of other things—of liquor-trade advertisements, for example, inviting us to drink and squander our resources, and to thank this patriotic trade for taking our food and giving back its refuse heap. The very source of our strength this trade consumes, and while a nation rocks and reels and stares at famine coming, it goes on merrily.

CHAPTER VII

THE LOST HUNDRED DAYS

It is not possible to measure the labor drink has stolen from this country during the war, but it must be at least the equivalent of the whole United Kingdom standing idle for 100 days.

If that should seem incredible, let us put it at once on the firm foundation of the Government's own figures. The War Savings Committee, after spending thousands of pounds in asking women not to wear veils or buy expensive laces, woke up five hundred mornings late to the fact that our people were spending half a million pounds a day on damaging the nation. It said so in a poster, and it said this also—that not only should we save this enormous sum of money by stopping drink, but the gain in national working capacity would

be even greater. The loss of national working capacity, therefore, according to this government department, is more than equivalent to the drink bill. The drink bill since the war began is nearer 450 million pounds than 400 millions, but let us call it 400 million pounds only. It is about one-tenth of the cost of the war so far—that is to say, for every sovereign we have spent in fighting Germany we have spent 2s. in fighting and weakening ourselves.

But let us subtract the unassailable truth from this statement of the War Savings Committee. The war has cost us 4,000 million pounds. That figure stands for the national working capacity of the United Kingdom concentrated against her enemies. Very well. The drink trade has cost us 400 million pounds, and that figure stands, on the Government's own showing, for the loss of national working capacity against our enemies. We have, therefore, sacrificed to drink one-tenth of our working capacity. There is no escape from that, and it means, as the war is now 900 days old, that the Government itself has estimated the price we pay for our war drinking as ninety days of our national strength.

There is every reason to believe that this official estimate is considerably below the truth; but if we take it as near the truth it is ample warrant for the statement that the services rendered to Germany by our drink trade equal the destruction of our total energies for 100 days.

Let us look at the evidence this terrible statement has behind it. It does not depend on the assumption that our workmen are a drunken race. It suits this trade to put these words into our mouths, but it is the trade itself that is never tired of saying that it lives on moderate drinking, and it is moderate drinking as well as drunkenness that destroys our national powers. But drunkenness itself, without which the drink trade cannot thrive, has drawn its toll from our workshops; it keeps thousands of men from war work every day and interferes with the work of millions. As this is written the Daily Mail—waking up two years late—complains of the loss of 6,000 hours a week through drink in a single port. There has not been a day in these two years when these facts have not been crying for the Daily Mail to publish them.

We shall never know the full truth of the famine in shells, or how much of it was due to drink, but we do know that at that crisis of the war drink was robbing the great industrial yards of the North of one day's output a week, covering ships and guns and shells as well. It was this that convinced the King that Prohibition must come. He knew, as the Commander-in-Chief said in a

letter to the nation a year later, that there must be "no slackening of output for a moment." The words are weighted with destiny for Britain and for Europe. More ammunition, says the Ministry of Munitions, means more victories and fewer casualties. So the workshop saves the trenches; there can be no big push in France unless first of all we have had the big push at home.

The price of victory there is the spirit of the trenches here. Men do not pause out there; the men who offer their lives are held in discipline as in a vice, and are willing to be held. A man may blush to think of it, but the thing most needed for a speedy triumph of our arms is that every man at home should do his utmost. One hundred per cent of our workers hard at work, 100 per cent of time well kept—it is not much for Admiral Beatty and Sir Douglas Haig to ask of us who are not with them, but it will put the power of victory in their grasp.

And yet what do we see? We have seen through all these terrible months the spectre of fear in Downing street, afraid to ask of us at home that stern discipline, that love of our country, that tireless zeal, that is asked of men in the field. They give their lives for us; to them we give our leisured lives. We are not working our hardest; all through this war we have watched the waste of millions of working days. They are the days that drink has stolen from us, and they would be incredible if we could reckon them up. Let us take a few actual cases; they could be given by the hundred:

In one of the most important shell shops in England 25 per cent worked under a normal day, 15 per cent worked under five days a week. Take a week in a shipyard with 8,000 men. On three days over 900 were absent, on two days nearly 900, on Saturday 600, and 1500 more lost a quarter every day. Out of 50,000 days' work waiting for this yard that week 5500 were thrown away. A submarine engine was being repaired by 135 men and every day over twenty were absent.

In the critical days of last year in certain shipyards on the Clyde, the lost time in one month was equal to 75,000 men idle for one day. It will be said that that was long ago, that the Board of Control has been set up and things are better now. Well, long after the Control Board, the manager of one of the largest armament works reported that there had been no appreciable saving of lost time; and it was in the middle of 1916 that the figures for lost time in Sheffield reached their high-water mark. The total time lost in one month was over 33,000 hours; and it was as if 500 of the best workmen in Sheffield had struck work for a week.

The truth is that all restrictions in drink have failed to solve the problem of speeding up munitions. With all its good work to its credit, the Board of Control has failed in the great industrial areas, and it is still true, as Mr. Lloyd George said in 1915, that by stopping drink we add a vast army of men to our armament works

"without spending one penny on additional structures, without putting down a single additional machine, without adding to the supervision of the men, but, on the contrary, lessening the supervision —and all by one act of sacrifice on the part of the nation in order to strengthen and wrest and win through to victory for our country." It was the Prime Minister's opinion at that time that Prohibition would have added 10 per cent of man-power to our controlled works alone—equal to the output of 90 days during the war.

Those words are still true; and it is yet true, also, that there is not a great power in Europe that would not rather have a thousand guns and munitions than five divisions of infantry. All the Allies need more steel, yet drink keeps down production; there are furnaces in this country that have had to be closed night after night through drinking. We choose between drink and steel, public-houses and furnaces, and the public-houses win again.

No man who knows the history of the Ministry of Munitions can doubt that drink has held back guns and shells. There are available for us all the facts published by the Government in official papers, which so impressed the King that he prepared the way for Prohibition by telling the nation that "it is without doubt largely due to drink that we are unable to secure the output of war material indispensable to meet the requirements of our army." There is the fact that manufacturers of high explosives warned the Government that unless something were done to stop drinking they could not deliver the goods. There is the fact that Colonel Von Donop was informed by manufacturers of munitions that the delays due to drinking affected everything—ships, guns and shells. There is the fact that a deputation of shipbuilders and munition controllers informed the Cabinet that they could not possibly get their shops to do justice to the men in the trenches unless drink were prohibited, when work would "go with a swing" and "we should get the same spirit in our workshops as in the trenches." There is the fact that a munition firm begged the Government to close public-houses at its gates so that they might increase their output of shells. There is the fact that, while our men were dying in thousands for want of machine guns, at least 500 drinking men were idling every day in one works alone. There is the fact that, while hundreds of thousands were idle through drink, one big firm could have doubled its output of machine guns with the help of 75 men to fit up machinery lying in its yard.

We fight our enemies with a broken arm. We stand beside Russia and France with our power weakened by an enemy at home.

DEFEAT?

It is a simple business proposition whether the British Empire, as partner with France and Russia in this fight for the freedom of Europe, is strong enough to win with only part of its strength. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army knows how to deal with men who fail him in the field; it is on our honor at home to deal with those who fail us behind the British lines. Without passion and without prejudice, it must be stated that drink has robbed this country in her hour of trial of a continuous power equal to hundreds of thousands of men. What would they not have been worth at Loos, in Mesopotamia or on Gallipoli? What would Lord Kitchener not have given for them on that day when he found on his desk in Whitehall a desperate appeal from Sir Ian Hamilton for 100,000 men? "If this help could be sent at once," it said, "we could still clear a passage for our fleet to Constantinople." But Lord Kitchener had not 100,000 men to send, though Prohibition would have given them to him easily.

Always it is the lack of men that breaks down the plans of the great commanders, and now, when the final blow is being prepared, we have need of every able man. We dare not risk Bank Holidays, but there would be no fear of holidays if public-houses were closed, and drink takes heavier toll of us each day than any holiday with Prohibition would ever do. We have added an hour of sunlight to our working day in summer, but we have let drink steal a day from our working week all through the year.

So this callous farce goes on. Our men push on and on and ever on, and we—we give them such help as a private trade will let us. We come up slowly with a millstone round our neck, and we shout in a loud voice from the Mansion House that we believe in this war to the last ounce of our strength.

If faith is measured by works, that is not true. We believe first in the liberty of drink, and second in the liberty of Britain.

CHAPTER VIII

INTERFERING WITH THE NAVY

The mightiest concentration of power on earth is the British fleet, the fleet that we have built up with infinite toil and sacrifice to guard this home of freedom.

No braver men have ever done their duty than they who man these ships of ours. Can we ever forget the story of the drowning men who clung to the wreckage as a battleship passed in hot pursuit of the Germans in the battle of Jutland? They looked at the great

ship speeding past them, and cheered her, and they sank down into their watery grave. We have the ships, we have men like that, but, alas! we have alcohol, too, and every day this trade is fighting against the navy. In the North Sea battle, said the Times correspondent, the German fleet must have outnumbered our own in torpedo craft, of which our fleet was notoriously short. But why was our fleet notoriously short of torpedo craft? It was short partly because, for nearly 18 months before the naval battle, drink had kept back the building of torpedo craft and the Government had ignored the warning. Hundreds of warnings like that the Government had, but this trade was more powerful than the interests of the nation.

It is nearly two years since Admiral Tudor presented to the Cabinet his terrible record of the effect of drink on work being done for the Admiralty; and a week before that Admiral Jellicoe himself had sent an urgent telegram begging that something should be done. He hoped the Admiralty would not think him "exceeding his sphere of action," but the efficiency of the fleet was so affected that he felt it his duty to wire.

That would seem evidence enough for the navy, but we have also the complaints and warnings of Captain Greatorex, Director of Naval Equipment, who said the only solution suggested was to close, partially or totally, all public-houses, and of Captain Barttelot, who begged for some leading statesman to speak plainly on this subject, and pleaded forcibly for the total Prohibition of spirits as "the most effective act that could be taken to win the war," adding, "Any measure less drastic will not be a cure; it will keep alive the craving which has been growing after six months' indulgence, and some men will endeavor to satisfy it by keeping away from work." The reports of dozens of official investigators all tell the same terrible tale.

Let us see the sort of stories that we read in this grave official chapter of how drink betrayed the British Navy; they might be written again today with equal truth. Here is the story of troops who could not go to the front because drink held them back. A thousand troops were waiting to go out; it was in the critical spring of 1915. Some of them had traveled for 50 hours, from the other side of Ireland or Scotland, but they were kept waiting at Southampton for a number of firemen; and at last the ship came back into port, the troops were put on another ship and they sailed 24 hours late. Think what 24 hours late means in the trenches, and then think of this—that drink was keeping back these men; two of them lay drunk in prison cells while these thousand troops were waiting for them.

The trenches were waiting for men, and drink was holding them back.

Here is a story of a battleship that waited on a public-house. The battleship was stranded and was being repaired. One day all the riveters were away, but the foreman knew where to find them. He went to a public-house and appealed to them in the name of their comrades. The management went in the name of their employers. The Government superintendent went in the name of the British Navy. But every one of them went in vain; the public-house was pulling against the battleship, and the public-house won all the day.

Through all the months covered by this Government book that tells these stories, these things were happening every week, and the cause was always drink. The grand fleet was waiting for ships and the drink trade was holding them back. A ship sailed down the British Channel 33 men short; its supplies were of such vital importance that it had to go. But it could not get on. A slow ship is in danger of submarines, and this ship had to call at ports on the way to beg men to come and help it. We do not like this picture of the British Navy calling like a tout for labor at our ports, wasting time and risking safety on the way to the grand fleet, but that is the way of the fleet at home; that is how we guard this fleet that guards our homes. It is happening still; it happens every week.

It would not be surprising if the Admiralty, guardian of the most efficient force within this realm, had not burned with shame at this betrayal, and warning after warning the Admiralty sent to the Cabinet. It appointed a Director of Transport. We all remember how Mr. Churchill announced his discovery in Parliament; the papers were full of Mr. Graeme Thompson. Well, Mr. Thompson looked into the matter and found out what was wrong, and almost the first thing he told the Admiralty was that it was necessary, for the efficiency of the army and the navy, to withdraw all licenses throughout the Kingdom. The Admiralty itself, in one final statement, urged upon the Cabinet the only perfect remedy of this grave problem—total Prohibition. It is no reply to say, as is often said, that all these things were long ago, and that drink restrictions have stopped them. They have not. The transport trouble is with us still, as all the drink troubles in the nation are, and a Dockers' Battalion has had to be formed to deal with them at the docks. It has succeeded as well as that experiment two years ago at Havre, when the Admiralty was compelled to replace a gang of drunken dockers with disciplined men on whom drink could not work its will. Experience has shown throughout the war that, wherever bold action

is taken, it pays. The insolent power of drink beyond control is the enemy of the navy everywhere, but the Admiralty's own dockyards show that even drink succumbs before strong men who mean to have their way. The men of the Dockers' Battalion, unsoddened in alcohol, will often work 80 hours in a week against the usual docker's 53. It is chiefly drink that robs us of the other 27.

While this page is being written, at the end of 1916, 100 men are in gaol in Liverpool for failing to join their ships, and the reason given is that the men on whom we are depending now are always "over-beered," as Edison says, and, therefore, not reliable. Many liners have lately been delayed, 50 firemen being missing once in the port of Liverpool alone. The Chairman of the War Committee of that port, and the Naval Transport Officer, are both in favor of total Prohibition. They know the facts. They know that men go about their ships so drunk that they must be led along the gangways. They know that, even in the year 1917, if a ship is delayed until the public-houses open it is sure to lose part of its crew; they know that public-houses hold back ships as if it were the business they were paid to do. They know that last October alone sixteen vessels were delayed in Liverpool for want of men; they know that among the 70,000 men in this important port drink is the greatest danger that exists; and they know quite well that no restriction short of Prohibition ever can remove it.

For two years now the coming and going of our troops, the dispatch of supplies, the transport of stores by road and rail and sea, has been greatly interfered with. It is one of the most effective of all the ways in which the German army has been helped by agents outside its own ranks. It is time we stopped this fooling and took this brake off our wheels.

CHAPTER XI

OUR WASTED MILLIONS

The greatest single item in the expenditure of the British people during the war has done not a thing to strengthen England, but has weakened it from hour to hour.

We have spent over 400 million pounds in drink since the war began. Every sovereign spent today that does not strengthen England weakens it, and we see the greatest item of our national expenditure, a stupendous sum hardly to be grasped, spent in these terrible times without producing one single atom of health, or strength, or power, or wealth, or any other virtue for this country.

Our people are earning high wages, but they have never been trained in spending or in thrift—God knows they have never had the chance to spend or save till now, and we can hardly blame them; but what are we to say of a nation that puts its people in sudden possession of abundant means, and sees this wealth turned against itself?

It is Mr. Kindersley, the Chairman of the War Savings Committee, who says that every pound spent now unnecessarily is a betrayal of those who are fighting for us, and we may well ask Mr. Kindersley to hand on to the Cabinet this official admission—that we have spent 400 million pounds since the war began in betraying those who are fighting for us. The Government appeals to the people for economy, but no nation with an intellectual self-respect will believe it necessary to economize while we can throw half a million pounds a day into a hundred thousand public-houses. This trade offers beer and whisky, the seeds of British weakness, and our people run to buy; the Government offers liberty and the peace of Britain if we will economize, and there is almost no response.

It is not unnatural, it is the natural fruit of the seed we have sown for 50 years and more. This drink waste has always been with us; through all the years of peace when we haggled about the old-age pensions of the poor we were throwing away millions every week on drink. And now, with the greatest money crisis in our history facing us, with our spending on the war at the incredible sum of six million pounds a day, we go on drinking Niagaras of gold.

Drink costs us a million pounds a day. Our people spend on it £500,000 a day, and the controlling and managing of drink and its results costs us at least £500,000 more. In times of financial stress like this the dead load of the capital in drink is like a millstone everywhere. If we could transfer this £200,000,000 to almost anything else the people of this country would not know the land they were born in, so prosperous would it be.

The national drink bill during the war has reached over £400,000,000. We must have spent more money on drink than on shells. We must have poured more of our financial strength into this trade since August, 1914, than we have fired away in France. We have spent on drink since war began enough to provide £2 a week for every British home that has lost a bread-winner in the war.

We give a private trade the power to waste this wealth of ours, to drain our people's savings, and scatter our resources, and break down our reserves, for the sake of a miserable pittance that it pays in taxes. The British Government takes a million pounds a week

from this trade in drink, and every member of it knows that it is traitor money, paid for the right to play the Kaiser's game of weakening England. What madness is it that pays £6,000,000 a day to beat our enemy and takes £1,000,000 a week from this enemy power at home? We must fight the Germans, clearly; we will spend £6,000,000 a day on fighting them, but if some power that does not love us much will give us £1,000,000 a week we will fight the Germans not quite so hard. We have come to that.

CHAPTER X

SHIPS, DOCKS AND TRAINS

We live on a little island; we depend on the outer world for most of our vital needs and for five loaves in every six we eat; we have not one foot of shipping space to spare; our wheat and sugar and paper supplies are all cut down; yet we let this drink trade use up hundreds of millions of cubic feet of space in ships, congest our docks and streets and railways, and use up the labor of hundreds of thousands of men.

If we could solve the shipping problem we could laugh at everything, even at bad harvests; and yet this trade in drink has swallowed up a fleet of great ships working all the time. Australia bought up all her wheat and offered it to us, but we had no ships to fetch it; India had a great wheat surplus, but there were no ships to bring it; and so the loaf went up to ninepence and to tenpence. Books and magazines must suffer, and we must have economy in knowledge as in sugar; the food of the mind and the food of the body too must go, so that this enemy trade may be reinforced with constantly fresh supplies. The Transport Workers' Federation will not be suspected of fanatical sympathies with temperance, but it is nearly two years since it begged the Government to take decisive action about drink in the interests of national well-being.

And no wonder. On land and sea this enemy power has blocked our way; it hinders the building of new ships, it slows down the speed of those we have and increases their danger from submarines; it uses up shipping space that would bring in millions of tons of food, and all the time it hinders and cripples our transport everywhere.

Even if we take merely the moving of this trade's materials from place to place in the United Kingdom, the feeding of our public-houses has involved during the war the lifting and handling on road and rail of a weight equal at least to 60 million tons. We have

not men enough to carry on the war, but we have men enough to lift and move from place to place a weight of drink stuff every year three times as heavy as the Great Pyramid.

Think of it! We are at war with Germany; we are gasping for man-power. We have a trade that robs us of men and hinders us in all we do, and we have let this trade use up, since war began, the labor of lifting 60 million tons. It took a hundred thousand men a generation to set up the Great Pyramid, but if we had pulled it down and set it up again three times since war began, that would have taken less labor than the shifting of this drink stuff that ships pour everlastingly into our docks. Think of the London docks, the greatest gathering-place of goods in the world; the whole earth pours its treasures into them. Well, every year this drink trade wastes more tons of precious stuff than the Port of London handles. Put all the stuff emptied at the docks of London in one scale, and the coal and food used up by drink in another, and drink weighs down the docks. Or come to the railways. It was suggested at Christmas that the soldiers should not have their Christmas leave, in order to relieve the railways; but the drink stuff carried on our railways in one week would equal all the soldiers in the Kingdom going home. Every week the drink stuff on our railways fills over 1,000 trains of 200 tons apiece.

We are gasping for man-power; we are hampered by the pressure on our railways and threatened by the scarcity of ships; but drink sits down and mocks at us. Getting and spending, it lays waste our powers. Meanwhile, we talk of stopping the transport of stuff for chocolates tied with ribbons.

CHAPTER XI

WINNING AND LOSING

We have thrown away the winning power of the war. Into that ditch where our great Allies have flung their powers of weakness we have flung our strength. In a ditch in France lies absinthe; in a ditch in Russia lies vodka; but beer and whisky swagger through the streets of Britain, and in the ditch we fling the power of victory.

We have only to look, on the one hand, at what alcohol has done for the Allies, and, on the other hand, at what Prohibition has done for them, to realize how Prohibition, for which we wait and wait in Britain, has held the fort for liberty while we make up our minds.

Consider, first, the contribution of Russia to the cause of human

freedom. By one bold moral stroke she has surprised the world. She has had two great wars in the lifetime of her little children—one with drink on her back, when she staggered to the depths of defeat, and one with drink beneath her feet, when she rises to the very pinnacle of pride.

What has Russia done? She has saved Paris. She has saved her own people from degeneration and decay; she has given them the power of saving much more in a week without drink than they saved in a year with drink. She has saved her revenue from a foundation of sinking sand to set it on a rock. She has, in the midst of times like this, for the first time in her history burst through her walls of ice and found a free way to the ever-open sea. It is in the midst of this fearful war, while she flings back the German hosts and sets Asia free from Prussian peril, that Russia has achieved the mighty conquest of her dreams. Her age-long struggle has been for a free way to the ocean. The Siberian Railway takes her to the ice-bound port of Vladivostock; the railway to Archangel leads to ice again; the Baltic is frozen over nearly half the year, and the only open way in winter is at the mercy of the Turk. But so strong is Russia under Prohibition that, even with the war of Europe on her hands, she bursts the walls of ice that have baffled her for centuries, and she builds a railway through a territory dark and cold for months, through untrodden forests and marshy wastes, filling up swamps and blasting gigantic rocks, working in a sunless land with fires and lamps that are never out, until she reaches at last the first ever-open gate that an Empire of the Tzar has ever known.

Such unthinkable power has Prohibition Russia, such things has Russia done. She gave to the Allies the greatest key to victory that she could forge—Prohibition. She struck down vodka at a single blow, she gave her local authorities power to stop the sale of every form of alcohol, and she is stronger now than ever before because you can go through Russia from one end to another and see not a drop of alcohol.

But Russia has done more than that; she has done great things for Europe, too. Upon Russia, despotic Russia, it has fallen to guard and save our liberties.

The highest authorities do not doubt that Prohibition has saved her from internal revolution, and with Russia in revolution what course would the war have taken? Freed from the pressure from the East, how far towards her goal of conquering Europe would Germany now have been?

Such, for Russia, is the difference between controlling alcohol and being controlled by it, and for Europe it has meant that Germany is beaten, for with Russia strong Germany has not been able to withdraw her troops from the East and win her way to Calais.

But it is not in Russia alone that we have seen the mighty fruits of Prohibition in the war. We have seen it in France, where the war goes on unceasingly against this alcohol that General Joffre has called "a crime against national defense." General Gallieni fought it hard in Paris, as Joffre has fought it everywhere. The President and the Premier of France are its sworn enemies. They hate this thing that lives on the vices of their people and grows rich as France grows poor. And so France followed the Tsar. She struck down absinthe, her chief foe; she stopped the sale of spirits to soldiers and women and young people, and even as these words are written she takes another great step forward towards total Prohibition, for she is to stop the sale of spirits everywhere. It will be worth more than a new army to France, a great French statesman has said.

And what has been the end of this resolve of France? France, too, has surprised the world. It is true to say that each of the three great Allies has surprised mankind, but it is true, alas, to say that, while France and Russia have surprised us in their strength, it has been in her moral weakness that Britain has surprised the world. Never will history forget Verdun, and that spirit of a new-born France that gathered there and held the fort when every Frenchman there thought it would fall. There is no limit to the power of a nation that throws out its vices.

But let us come again to Paris. There have been two wonders of Paris in the war, the wonder that it was saved at all, and the wonder that its babies were saved in some almost miraculous way. It was the fight against alcohol that saved both the city and its children. When the enemy were almost at the gates of Paris, with the shadow of defeat falling over the city, Paris had to save her babies from such a death-rate as might have shocked the world. And she saved them. While the babies of Edinburgh were dying as never before, Paris won for herself the enduring distinction, in the first year of the war, of the lowest infant death-rate ever recorded in her history, and she did it by giving her babies the milk that drink steals from our babies at home, and by prohibiting the sale of absinthe and spirits to mothers. She saw the path of victory, and she chose to go that way.

The thrilling declaration of M. Briand against alcohol is fresh

in the mind of the world, and on the walls of every postoffice in France the Government has ordered to be exhibited another declaration, signed by the President, calling on those who love France to honor the memory of their dead by fighting alcohol. It is a great document, which one touch of French courage in Downing street might translate, word for word, for the walls of every postoffice in this country, too. Here is part of this declaration by our great Ally, the conquerer of Verdun:

To French Women and to Young Frenchmen

Drink is as much your enemy as Germany. ..

Since 1870 it has cost France in men and money much more than the present war.

Drinkers age quickly. They lose half their normal life, and fall easy victims to many infirmities and illnesses.

The seductive drinks of your parents reappear in their offspring as great hereditary evils. France owes to alcohol a great many mad men and women and consumptives, and most of her criminals.

Drink decreases by two-thirds our national production; it raises the cost of living and increases poverty.

In imitation of the criminal Kaiser, drink decimates and ruins France, to the great delight of Germany.

Mothers, young men, young girls, wives! Up and act against drink in memory of those who have gloriously died or suffered wounds for the Fatherland! You will thus accomplish a mission as great as that of our heroic soldiers.

Let us turn to Italy. War moves slowly nowadays, but among Alpine peaks most slowly of all. Yet it is there that the greatest physical feats of the war have been accomplished—the carrying of guns up to these heights in face of enemy fire, the fortifying of these mighty peaks, so high that men shiver and freeze by glaciers in whose beds their comrades below bathe in warm waters. Conditions of war indeed are these, and what is it that helps these men to endure them? It is Prohibition once again—Prohibition of spirits throughout the Italian army. As on the great Russian frontiers, as in Paris and at Verdun, so at Gorizia Prohibition brings the strength that wins.

So we find it in the British Empire, too; we find it almost everywhere save in our Motherland. It was Prohibition that made the Anzacs fit—every Anzac comes to us from a Prohibition camp. It was Prohibition that made the Canadians fit. From Prohibition camps in Prohibition ships they came to us. Partial or total Prohibition of some kind there must be against this foe of health and strength. Everywhere but in Britain we find the Allies fighting this great foe, and here we fight it with brave words and leave it free for its foul deeds. We take what Prohibition sends us; whether

Anzacs from New Zealand or shells from Canada and the United States, whether powerful blows for liberty in the East or soul-stirring courage at the gates of Verdun, we take it and thank God for it—and we go on drinking.

The great war of Europe will be slowly lost and won. The great concentration of material powers will wear down Germany at last; but he has little vision who sees the power of victory in guns and shells. Victory lies not in these things; it lies in things that are behind them. It is the moral strength of the Allies that will win. It gives them the sympathy of the civilized world; it gives them the inexhaustible man-power of Russia. It gives them the dauntless spirit of Joan of Arc in France again. It gives them the solid phalanx of the British peoples. It opens up to them the everlasting resources of the earth. It is because the Allies stand on the rock of eternal justice that they have these things.

And what have been the great moral contributions to the winning power of the Allies? In all our allied countries are things that win and things that lose, and we owe it to our sense of honor to put down among us the things that lose, and to put our trust in things that win. We owe it to ourselves and to our Allies to adopt the plain and simple policy of conscription of all the elements of victory and Prohibition of all the elements of defeat. The plain truth is that Britain has not yet, after thirty months of war, put away from her those forces in her midst that work against the Allies; not for one hour since war began has our full strength been thrown against our foes.

While our great Allies have cast their enemy from them, have gone into this arena with alcohol beneath their feet or in their grip, we move on slowly with alcohol on our backs. But we do not win like that.

We shall win the war when we pay the price of victory. We shall win when we who stay at home are worthy of the trenches. We do not deserve to win till then.

The men who lead the army and the men who lead the fleet know quite well the truth about drink—they knew quite well what they could do if Britain were but free from this enemy at home. They know that drink has hampered them and hindered them and kept back shells, and some of them have seen its work in Belgium. We know what drink has done for Belgium; all the world knows how the refuse of the German army, soddened with drink, turned beautiful towns into shambles, slashed women with their swords, and shot down children. A bitter price

did Belgium pay for the stuff she left in her cellars. And yet, with a drunken army like that, the Germans were not far from Paris, and a British General writes to me that he wonders whether, had the Germans employed men in each unit to destroy all alcohol on the lines of march, they would have taken Paris. We may be thankful to alcohol, or to any other kind of deviltry, that will keep the Germans back, but alcohol that can keep the Germans back from Paris can keep a Briton or a Frenchman from the Rhine.

There remains to be written that vital contribution to the history of the world which will tell the part that alcohol has played in human history by confusing the brains of men, and a terrible chapter such a book must give to this war. We have only to pick up a paper like the Lancet, and we find a naval surgeon writing of men who shoot Niagara with their eyes shut. Inadvisable in peace time, says Dr. W. E. Home, surgeon of the fleet, indulgence in alcohol is suicide now.

Think of the responsibilities of today, especially those of public servants, a captain in the trenches, the commander of a destroyer, a Cabinet Minister. Why should they drink? To compensate them for the strain of their anxieties? It is pleasant; it is an anaesthetic. Will the enjoyment of that small sensuous pleasure make up to them or will it compensate us, their employers or their beneficiaries, for preceptions delayed, decisions slowed, one gunfire wasted, a ship lost, an opportunity unseized?

"Why is everyone so friendly to drinkers?" Dr. Home asks again; and he tells this story of a distinguished officer to whom he was talking of the death of a brother officer with whom both had served:

"He drank a bit," said I. "Yes," said the other, "but I could never catch him; everybody shielded him." And I recalled to myself an occasion when A was "under the influence" and some half-dozen officers stood round him to shield him from possible notice by our captain near by. Yet his failing might have drowned us any night.

It was not long ago at Dover that the Admiral in command informed the magistrates that a publican who had sold whisky to a sailor might have been "the direct cause of the loss of lives of many of our countrymen." Another case appears in the newspapers on the day this book is being written—on New Year's Day, 1917. The captain of a large British ship was put in irons by his crew, kept a prisoner in his cabin, and fed through a porthole; and the charge that was brought against him, on the word of nine witnesses for the Admiralty, was that the captain was often dangerously drunk, and that on December 8, 1916, under the influence of drink, he sighted a British hospital ship and ordered the chief gunner to fire on it. On being reminded that the ship was our own hospital ship, the

captain replied that he did not care, and repeated the order, which the gunner refused to obey.

Are we fit for the solemn powers that lie within our hands, are we worthy of the dauntless spirit of the British army and the British fleet, are we honorable men and an honorable nation, while we send our hospital ships to sea and allow this private trade to send to sea the stuff that would turn our guns on them? We say what we say of the German submarines that sink our hospital ships, but what shall we say of this alcohol that threatens them? What shall we say of this British trade whose natural and logical end is to fuddle the brains of men at sea and double the perils of the submarine? What difference is there in the world between the Prussian deviltry that sank the Lusitania and the drink trade deviltry that would sink our wounded men? The difference is that we execrate and seek to exterminate the one, while we tolerate and seek to palliate the other.

And the work of this trade is like that everywhere. The truth is past believing by those who do not know through long experience. We talk of the horrors of slavery, but the horrors of drink are not less, and they are with us still. It is Admiral Jellicoe himself who has told us that drink muddles the aim of a man at a gun and reduces his efficiency by about one-third. It is Sir Frederick Treves who watched the men drop out on the march to the relief of Ladysmith, and found that every man who dropped out was a drinker—so that drink opposed the relief of Ladysmith as it opposed the relief of Belgium. But there is no end to the evidence of these weighty things, and there must be an end of a book. We learn from the annual meeting of Allsopps that the drinking soldier is worth two teetotalers, and we must spare a line to admire the military experience at an Allsopp meeting which knows so much better than Kitchener and French and Wolseley and Roberts and Joffre; and we must find room, also, for one word more on the part that drink has played in the War of Europe.

A soldier-doctor whose name will be immortal, Sir Victor Horsley, went out to Mesopotamia and gave his life for his country. He found a shortage of drinking water, but there were whisky and champagne in the very few transports that arrived; and Sir Victor Horsley found that in that torrid climate the military authorities, understanding medicine better than he, issued rum instead of food and sterile water, with the result that they spread cholera, diarrhoea and dysentery. The army, we must gather from this, was spreading disease and weakness in its ranks. "No one would suppose that a military medical history had ever been written or published," Sir

Victor Horsley wrote in one of his very last letters, and he added these deliberate words which may well be printed now, written as they were by the greatest surgeon of the human brain who ever lived: "Our gross failures and stupidity are, in my opinion, due to alcohol affecting the intellectual organs and clearness of our leaders. Of course, they do not realize that alcohol in small doses acts as a brake on their brains."

There are wide questions opened up by such facts as these from the fighting fronts. That is the way of drink. Its grip is everywhere. In peace it clogs the wheels of progress; in war it slows down victory. A long time, perhaps, Germany can hold out against a Britain fighting with part of her strength.

We can end the war sooner or later; we can throw into it the whole of our strength; we can put on our whole armor against the destroyers of Belgium, the assassins of Edith Cavell and the masters of Ruhleben; or we can let things take their course, and go on drinking.

CHAPTER XII

FOOLING WITH THE ENEMY

For two years and more we have been fooling with drink in this country, playing with a traitor worse than Constantine. What are we going to do? At last we have a Government in Downing street of men who dare to face a fact, and they see this traitor face to face. It is the Prime Minister himself who has told us that this trade is worse than Germany, that we can never settle with Germany until we have settled with drink, and that if only we settle with drink the war will have paid for itself. Well, Mr. Lloyd George has his chance. Let him settle this question now; let him save this country from this stain; let him remember now the facts he told the King. Let him remember now the noble stand he made when a stone wall was in his way. Let him bid his Government listen to the truth that claps like thunder through the state.

We draw near to the greatest triumph the armies of freedom have ever won upon the earth, and it lies within our power to make the way short or long, final or inconclusive. It is the golden opportunity of the Allies to bring an enduring peace to Europe by crushing forever the malignant power that has brought these things upon us; but for such a victory, complete and overwhelming, we must put forth the last ounce of our strength. Less than that must mean a war prolonged, casualties increased, and an indecisive peace. Full

strength now means a shorter war, and a mighty victory which will leave the Allies masters of Europe with their strength unbroken.

And it is Britain that has power, by one decisive act, to turn the scale and lift up the heart of the world. She has resources undreamed of; she has, still waiting to be released, a force that would stagger her foes; she has a reserve of physical and moral and financial strength such as no nation has ever before been able to set free by one bold stroke. Thrown into the field in this great hour, it would lift up our men, hearten our Allies and bring back countless men who otherwise will never see this land again.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide. Twice it has come to us. The Lost Opportunity is back again. The insistent appeal of humanity, the stern necessities and example of the Allies, the pleading and example of the Empire; the claims of the future—of men in the trenches, women in the homes, children in the schools; the bitter needs of war, the glorious hope of freedom, call upon us now. Shall we be deaf to them all, and dumb before the world in the presence of this cancer that consumes our powers? What good is an expanding Empire to a declining race?

We have played with this evil in peace and played with it in war, and it plays with us on the edge of the abyss. It is in league with all the elements of defeat, disease and death; and shall we play with it longer? It is time we struck it down, time we ended talk with deeds, time we were worthy of the opportunity that comes from God to men. We complain to the civilized world that the Germans drove the Belgian people's cattle to feed the German armies, that they seized the people's food supplies and raw materials; but this trade has been doing these things all the time in Britain. Though it has enough whisky to last us five years, it destroys our food to make still more; the food of today is turned into whisky for 1921. There are spirits enough to last us years, though Britain should drink to the dregs and sink to the level of a third-rate power; yet this trade must go on making it, using up labor and poisoning food and robbing our soldiers of sugar. We have not men enough to dig up coal for our ships and factories and homes, and so we bring our miners back from France; but this trade uses up the whole time of 6,000 miners and has wasted millions of tons of coal since the war began. We have not enough skilled mechanics in our workshops, and so we bring them back from France; but this trade deprives us of the strength of tens of thousands of mechanics. It is two years since the controllers of munitions in the greatest area of the United Kingdom told the Government how to add a day a week

to its industrial strength by stopping drink, but almost nothing has been done.

It is not surprising that the neutral world should talk of peace. We have peace maneuvers in America, surely, because America does not believe we are in earnest. It is hard to think a nation can be serious that fights the German Empire with a millstone round its neck; it is hard to believe that a nation is in earnest which leaves her Allies alone to put forth their moral strength. It is hard to believe that Britain who freed the slaves can be in earnest as she sits with her material powers about her, longing and yearning, yet afraid to rise to the moral height of mighty Russia, and of France, the nation they told us had "thrown over God."

It was said of one who lived and died for England in other days that "you have so lived and wrought as to keep the soul alive in England." Let us pray it may be said of us. Our people have not the thrill of battle to urge them forward, they do not feel the terrible inspiration of the German guns; but they love their country, and it is the duty of the Government to lead the way of sacrifice. We have come once more to where the Admiralty stood in its wisdom in March, 1915, when, realizing its grave responsibility to the British people and the Allied cause, it urged upon the Cabinet the only real solution of the peril in which the nation stood. "Total Prohibition," the Admiralty said to the Cabinet, "with all its attendant objections and disadvantages, would at least have the general effect that all classes would at last realize the existence and seriousness of the war, and that they were personally involved in its consequences." Even then the Admiralty foresaw the final argument to which the nation and the Government are coming after two long years.

We have to rouse once more among our people that spirit of self-sacrifice, that solemn vision of a mighty destiny, with which they set out on this terrible journey to the goal that will fix the peace of Europe forever. We have to save from waste the energy that wins, but we have to save from deep despair the soul of our people.

One thing does not seem to matter very much: it does not matter much how this is done. If it is best to stop drink slowly, with drink tickets for a week or two, let us have drink tickets. If it is better to stop spirits entirely and make light beers, let us stop spirits and make light beers. If it is better to guarantee the dividends of this ghastly trade as we do for the railways, let us guarantee the dividends. If it is better to nationalize the trade and stop it after-

wards, let us nationalize the trade. Drink in every country on the earth has one tremendous purpose. To all mankind it says, Your money and your life! It is taking life and money too from us. If we must pay the price to save our lives, then, in the name of Britain and of Freedom, let us pay the price. This drink trade is the nation's sin. Sin will have its wages, and the way of transgressors is hard.

But it will not do to nationalize this trade to make a profit out of it. Nations do not keep clean like that. You do not make a poison pure when a great lady sells it; it is the same stuff that a barmaid sells in a slum. Mr. Gladstone stained his name by trying to make the sale of drink respectable, and he left us a degraded womanhood. Russia tried this way, and gave it up to win the war. We shall not be such fools as to think we can win the war by picking up the thing that Russia threw down.

It is not true that the nation is unready for whatever sacrifice will win. It is a great illusion to imagine that what is possible in other countries is impossible in this.

The problem was not simpler for Russia; her revenue from alcohol was greater than ours. Millions of her peasants were slaves to it and soddened with it, and she had in stock 140 million gallons of vodka when the war broke out. But she revolutionized her finances and found her revenue elsewhere, she gave her people better things to do and something more to live for than drinking like mere animals, and she turned her vodka into synthetic rubber. So great has been her recovery that it is said that, should she lose 500,000 lives, she will make good within ten years. China has thrown out opium by the same bold stroke, and even Mexico has risen to the moral height of stopping her bull-fights in these last few months. The problem was not easier for France; she had a spit-bar for every 90 people and more than a million workers in distilleries. Her people drank a million gallons of absinthe every week. The problem was not easier for Italy, enslaved to poverty as her people were, spending their energies in growing and making alcohol for themselves to drink. Yet she has sent her men up mountain peaks with spirits prohibited all the way, and in her towns she has shut up 15,000 drink-shops.

But it is said our people would not stand it. In the face of the German army we have tinkered with our foes at home. We have listened to all the arguments and fears, and shut our eyes to the facts. On what authority is it said that our people will not tolerate

Prohibition? We have been told for years they would not let you shut their public-houses. We have seen the House of Commons quail for years before these brewers with their coronets and their great subscriptions to the party fund. But the Board of Control has answered that forever; it has shut up public-houses for twelve or thirteen hours a day, and nobody has grumbled. Through all these years that Parliament did nothing our Governments were frightened by a ghost.

We are told that labor would not stand it. But the vote of 600,000 co-operators in Scotland, when only 30 delegates in 800 were against it, is an adequate answer to that. There are names on the Strength of Britain Memorial that are an answer to that. The appeal of the Transport Workers' Federation is an answer to that. At a Government conference between masters and men in one of the worst districts the delegates of the men declared that "three-quarters of us here are Prohibitionists." There is no basis in fact for this fear of labor that keeps in power the trade that prolongs the war.

We are told that there will be strikes if drink is stopped. But we were told the same about conscription and about the Derby scheme, and our men have proved themselves as ready as the Government to make the sacrifice. Even if it were not so the stopping of trades-union pay would stop all strikes.

We are told that men see the need for conscription but will not realize the need for Prohibition, that they would not give up the thing they have been used to all their lives. But our men have been quite equal to any situation that has been explained to them. They have been willing to suspend trade-union rules for which they have fought for years. They have accepted even the dilution of labor and the employment of military labor in civil occupations.

We are told our farmers need brewers' grains and that bakers need their yeast. It is not true. The brewer takes five pounds of good barley and leaves the farmer one pound of bad; and the best bakers make their own yeast.

We are told that it would be dangerous suddenly to break the habit of a lifetime, and that thousands would not be able to work at all if drink were stopped. But in any case there is no need to stop drink suddenly. It could be stopped in stages, with drink tickets for a week or two, or we could stop the sale of spirits and leave light beers which would gradually fall below the limit of the excise. But the truth is that any danger such as this has been easily overcome elsewhere. It could be met by giving men hot

drinks in industrial canteens, and in a week or two they would be happier and more fit.

We are told that you cannot deal with our men as you deal with Russians. Let us ask one of our own fighting men, Commander Locker Lampson, M. P., who is in charge of the British armored car squadrons with the Russian army. When he landed with his men on Russian ground he pointed out that they were now under Prohibition, and that in loyalty to our Ally they should give up drink. The men agreed. They went through the roughest and coldest weather that any British troops have faced. They were in the White Sea, on the Lapland coast, and with the Cossacks. They touched no alcohol, and they have agreed that when they go out again they will go without drink. It is good to hear of British troops being loyal to our Ally; it would be better still to hear of the British nation standing by her side.

We are told that it is not fair to rob our men of a drink when they come home. By what law is it fair to lead a man into temptation, unfit him for the service of his country, and weaken him for the hardships he must face? We may let the appeal of Lord Kitchener stand as the answer to this, but we may remember, and never forget, that passage in the report of the Prison Commissioners for 1916, which has these solemn words:

> If one fact stands out more clearly than another as a lesson of the war, it is the magnificent material of which the working-class of this country is composed; and we, who have to deal with what is considered to be the most vicious portion of that class, have no hesitation whatever in endorsing the verdict. When, however, war is succeeded by peace, there will come a time of trial for those who have never turned their backs to a bodily enemy. With the passing of military discipline our brave fellows will be tempted to forget the miseries of the trenches in a burst of uncontrolled pleasure and license, and, if trade be bad and work difficult to obtain, the transitory lapse may, if not checked, become a step on a downward career.

We are told that it is not just to punish a nation for a few, and cut off drink for those who use it because of those who abuse it. But it is not possible or fair to adopt Prohibition for one class or one sex or one district. Could anything be so mean as Prohibition for our troops while at home we went on drinking? Or as stopping drink for women while men drink all they want? It is not possible. But it is possible, and it is fair, for all to make a common sacrifice to help the nation in its need.

We are told that it is unjust to deprive investors in the drink trade of their income, or workers of their employment. But there is no need for either. There is work for all, and we can guarantee the incomes as we guaranteed them on the railways. We can turn

the whole machinery of the drink trade into more profitable channels by developing industrial alcohol in distilleries and brewing harmless beverages.

We are told that it is impossble to shut up all the public-houses and leave them standing empty. But there is no need for that. We can shut up whatever places are not fit to live in, and leave the others open for refreshment.

We are told that whatever is done our hopes will fail; that the evils we associate with drink will go on the same. But the Board of Control has settled that. We have closed about twenty prisons since the Board began its work; the noisy bands of men who used to roam the streets at night have disappeared; children are better clothed and shod and fed where the Control Board operates; and one Chief Constable reports that living in his town is now "like living in a better world."

We are told that total abstinence should be voluntary and not compulsory; that if the nation were willing to give it up it would have voluntarily followed the King. But voluntaryism has always failed in war; the people do what the Government tells them. They will give up drinking when Parliament does, and when the Government tells them why.

We are told that it is not desirable to interfere too much with domestic habits. But we have not hesitated to cut down home supplies and take away only sons, or to stop careers and businesses that have been building up for a lifetime. We have had bread at 10d. a loaf, milk at 6d. a quart, and potatoes at 2½d. per pound. The Government has not been over-careful to guard us against these things. It could have saved us from much of them all, yet people have not grumbled over-much. The truth is that every order the Government has given since war began has been accepted and obeyed, and the Prime Minister will tell us that the grumbling during the war has been the trifle of a fraction compared with the grumbling he knew in the budget days of peace.

We are told that Prohibition is a narrow idea, that nobody wants it but a few cranks. But 2,448 of the most distinguished citizens of the United Kingdom have asked for it, and the opinion of the great men of this country and of the world is against alcohol all the time. No nation can be at full strength with such a trade in its midst. If we look round our own country, or round the world, and see the mind of the world's great men about drink, it must fill us with something like despair to realize that at a time like this this trade has still its fingers at our throat.

The Prime Minister has declared that this trade has sown destruction and devastation in time of peace, and in war has done us more damage than all the German submarines.

The King has banished alcohol from his palaces as a traitor to the State.

General Joffre has declared it the duty of all patriots to fight alcohol in all its forms; by diminishing the moral and material strength of the Army it is "a crime against national defense in the face of the enemy."

Lord Kitchener would have nothing to do with drink during the war, and begged his men to keep fit by leaving it alone.

Lord Roberts, in almost his last message to the nation, declared that drink was prejudicial to our chance of victory.

Lord Curzon has declared that drink is a leprous spot eating into the life of our people.

Lord Rosebery warned us long ago of the time that is now come, when, if the State did not control the liquor traffic, the liquor traffic would control the state.

Mr. Chamberlain, the first of our Imperial statesmen, declared that while a priest-ridden nation was to be pitied, a publican-ridden nation is to be despised.

Mr. Bonner Law will not touch alcohol, and is believed to be in favor of Prohibition during the war.

Admiral Jellicoe declares that alcohol is the enemy of efficiency and reduces the efficiency of shooting by one-third.

Lord Wolseley declared that drink kills more soldiers than all the new weapons of warfare.

The Tzar of Russia has indicted alcohol as the exploiter of the ruin of his people.

Admiral Beatty has appealed to the nation to rouse itself from its languor, and it can hardly be possible that the drink trade was not in his mind when he said: "The nation is not yet roused out of its state of self-satisfaction. When our people have humility and prayer in their hearts we can count the days to the end." Nor can it have been out of Sir William Robertson's mind when, on being asked what the Church could do to help to win, he said: "Bishop, make the nation more religious."

But there is no end to opinions like these from men whose right to speak for nations no one doubts. Let us end the list with the voice of a man who cares nothing for politics and little for religion, but loves a clean and efficient thing.

Mr. Edison has been looking out upon the war and saying what he thinks; and what he thinks is that the British character is too much given to sport and drink, willing to endure too many cheap clerks and too many beer barons in Parliament. We have made fundamental mistakes; we have stupefied our men with alcohol to keep their wages low and make profit for our titled brewers. We have kept our workers underfed and over-beered. so that they have lost their power to think, with the result that when Germany directed at the Englishman the greatest shock the world has ever known, it looked at first as if she might succeed, because our men had been beered too much for quick patriotic action. Germany had one thing to her credit at least—she had lifted Britain from the slough of sodden drunkenness in which she had been wallowing.

It makes a Briton shudder to think that most of what Mr. Edison says is true.

We are told that Prohibition would not work. It would be as true to say that honesty does not pay. The United States supplies the everlasting answer; she is moving fast in time of peace to that goal to which the European war is driving all the Allies. She is establishing her industries forever and winning for herself the control of the trade of the world by sweeping drink out of her states, forbidding it on her railways and her ships and banishing it from her great workshops. Half her people are under Prohibition now, and every election brings in more Prohibition states; but the vital fact that must stir a great emotion in any British heart is this—that American industry, with the commercial future almost in its grasp, is being built up on Prohibition. The drink trade in America has nothing but contempt for these money-making railway companies and these grasping steel firms. Your brewer, of course, has great ideals. He loves the state and noble things; but of these great and prosperous steel firms, which will not have this drink within their works, we read in the drink papers that "they care for nothing but for their pockets." Of course they care for their pockets, and they know that Prohibition lines their pockets with gold. The great Carnegie steel works will not give promotion to any man who drinks, and only want of space keeps out of this book the names of 100 great steel firms in the United States that prohibit drink in all their works. If a man drinks at all he may as well not apply for the high wages these firms pay; he is sure to drop out in competition with the rest.

We are told that not for any reason will the country tolerate Prohibition. But the nation is getting rather used to Prohibitions now. We are to prohibit "whatever saps our strength," and so the Board of Trade will prohibit—fairs! We have prohibition of white bread, prohibition of light, prohibition of petrol for pleasure, prohibition of potatoes for pigs, prohibition of travel, prohibition of trading, of building and postal facilities, prohibition of cakes in theatres and chocolate tied with ribbons, prohibition of anything or everything except this thing that stands eternally in the way of Britain and of victory. We are to have beefless days and muttonless days and chickenless days—anything but drinkless days. We are not to spend more than 5s. 6d. on a dinner, but the drink can always be extra; you have it for breakfast and lunch and supper, too, and you can spend as much money on it as you please. Are we children, or are we fools, that Governments should talk to us like this? If we can have all these prohibitions, if the people have sacrificed all these

things for their country's sake, what is it that stands in the way of the protection of these islands, the protection of our army and our fleet, the protection of our food supply, from this trade that threatens us and imperils us every hour, that threatens the Allies, that kept munitions from Rumania this year as it kept munitions from Belgium last—what is it and who is it that bolsters up this trade that hangs about our necks like a German millstone?

If we have all this Prohibition of things that strengthen us, why, in the name of heaven and earth and victory, can we not have Prohibition of things that weaken us?

CHAPTER XIII

THE MOBILIZATION OF ALCOHOL

For years wise men have pleaded in this country that alcohol should be free for industry—that the tax should be taken off so that this wondrous chemical might be used to build up industries and nations instead of destroying them. In peace men cry in vain for these things, but a nation wakes up in war, and the Ministry of Munitions has become the greatest distiller of alcohol in the world. For the truth is that this alcohol which sends its stream of weakness through our lands has the very power of victory in it if it is used and not abused. And so the drink trade saves the Empire, we read in its papers; for is it not making shells—those shells it kept back so long?

It is a new claim for this trade, and it is startling. It does not tell us much, in its advertisements, of its resistance to restriction, its hostility to the Board of Control, its open flouting of all the rules and regulations by which the Control Board seeks to control it. It is Sir William Peat, at a brewery meeting, who quotes a foul character in Shakespeare to sneer at virtue in these days: "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" As if he should say, "Dost thou think because the state hath need of me I shall give up getting drunk?" We do not hear much from this trade of the repeated requests the Control Board receives from the Ministry of Munitions for the adoption of further restrictions, or of the same sort of requests from the War Office. We do not hear much said about the fact that this trade, grown rich on the poverty of its patrons, pays its workers less than any other trade in this country, and kills its workers faster than any other trade. We do not hear much of that egregious scene in the House

of Commons when a brewer almost wept in public because, by prohibiting his exports, the Government was missing a great opportunity of popularizing British beer in other countries. This trade that uses up our ships to bring in food to waste would use up ships to send out poisoned food—not, mind you, to our enemies, but to neutrals and our friends. We are asked by this trade where this country would have been without its great distilleries, ready, as they were, for making high explosives when the country needed them. A representative of the trade has sent round letters to the papers and the burden of them is that with Prohibition before the war we should probably have been beaten at once for want of alcohol, or starved for want of yeast, and "the Empire would have come to an end, with Prussia on the necks of all the nations of the world." The letters are meant presumably for circulation outside Bedlam, but it is a traitor jest. With Prohibition before the war we should have had abundant alcohol for shells, and should have had alive today numbers of men who died for want of shells that drink kept back from them. "Alcohol is much too good to drink," a famous cricketer and naval officer writes to me, "and only a semi-imbecile nation would make a national drink of it." When Prohibition comes we shall do wonders with alcohol: it will not pull Britain down but will build her up. It will no more ruin her people; it will give them power and great prosperity. It will no more make life a toil and misery for millions; it will shorten the hours of labor and make life easier. It will no more waste the savings of the poor; it will make hundreds of things cheaper than they ever were. All these things alcohol will do when we use it rightly.

God made alcohol: the Church Times says so, and the Church Times ought to know. Let us love the good gifts of God. But let us remember why God made it. He made it to comfort a little child in pain, to soothe the anguish of the world, and whenever we use an anaesthetic to save life and pain let us be thankful that God made alcohol, which gives us chloroform and ether.

God made alcohol. He made it to give us power, to help those chemists who will yet save the world from slipping back to the Age of Stone. He made it to drive our engines and our motor-cars, to light our homes and towns and cities—as it lights the Philippines, to build up industry with such cheap motive power that a hundred things we buy would be cheaper than they are if we used alcohol for building up instead of pulling down. Yes, God made alcohol. He planted in this world a seed of happiness and prosperity and power. He gave us alcohol to be the sure foundation of our indus-

tries and science and our social peace; and man has made alcohol the thing it is. If ever on this earth there was a tragedy of woe it is this use that man has made of God's good gift.

God made alcohol: the alcohol trade has been so pleased to find it out that it reprints the Church Times assurance in thousands and breaks up meetings with it. It does not say, nor does the Church Times say, that God made alcohol to be the friend of Britain and mankind, and not to ruin them. God made the cell that mutinies in the human frame and causes cancer; God made the germ of cholera and the parasite of venereal disease; but shall we therefore spread these things, and sell them in a hundred thousand shops, and plant them in the lives of little children yet unborn? The Church Times does not say.

We have nobler things to do. We have to take this trade in alcohol, now the road to ruin, and harness it to industry to be the road to happiness. We have to use it not for feeding public-houses of which we are ashamed, but for feeding power-houses, to be our pride and strength.

Great days there will be when we grow our power in wide-spreading fields of potatoes; when we take this produce of the earth and turn it into alcohol for driving engines, making artificial silks and dyes, and developing our chemical industries. Alcohol, cheap and abundant, will be the greatest motive power in Britain. Indispensable in munitions of war, it is important in the manufacture of countless articles of use in peace, such as varnishes, polishes, lacquers, felt and other hats, oilcloths, leather-cloths, celluloid, soap, ether, chloroform, surgical dressings, electric lamp filaments, incandescent mantles, alkaloids and fine chemicals, hair washes, aniline dyes, photographic plates and papers, and so on. We need not trouble much about the patriotism of a trade that has kept back the development of industrial alcohol, or about its virtuous pretensions because a nation in dire need has ordered it to give up wasting our strength. We may be surprised that any nation in time of war could go on pouring down its throats material for high explosives. In the midst of the famine in shells this need of war was pouring out in ruin and waste from a hundred thousand public-houses, and this trade was filling its bottles and barrels for years that lie ahead. There is, in a Government office, a letter from a firm of high explosive manufacturers begging that the Government would shut up public-houses so that their works could increase their output of explosives. That is to say, the men who were making alcohol into high explosives were being made unfit by drinking alcohol. So our distillers

turned this priceless chemical against the state. Never must that be possible again. We choose for ourselves whether alcohol shall be our master and defeat us, or our slave and win the war for us.

Prohibition is not destructive; it is constructive. We should keep busy night and day all our distilleries for making munitions. We should convert all our breweries into manufactories of light beers within the limit of the excise. We should turn our public-houses into houses of refreshment. Nothing is stopped; nothing is lost; and we could guarantee the dividends until industrial alcohol had come into its own. We should have an alcohol trade on a firm and enduring foundation.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ONLY WAY

It will not do in these days to say that Prohibition is a mad idea. If we are to win in war, if we are to be great in peace, it is the only way. The arguments against it are mostly on the level of that argument heard in Alberta last year. When the farmers wanted men in other years they could get them from the gaols to save their crops, but with Prohibition the gaols are almost empty, and what then? There are no arguments against Prohibition that are better worth listening to than that.

Wherever it is tried Prohibition pays. It is nothing to say that a man can get a drink in a Prohibition state. There is no magic in a Prohibition law that saves it from being broken. We have laws against murder, but there are murderers. We have laws against theft, but there are thieves. All laws are broken—mostly thanks to drink. But we have only to want to know the truth to find it out, and the truth about Prohibition is that it is winning everywhere. America is coming to it rapidly. It is her great business men, for the sake of their great industries, who have solved the problem there. The facts of Kansas convince any reasonable man. It has 105 counties, and in 84 there are no paupers, in 35 there are no prisoners, in 87 there are no lunatics. Her banks, barns and bins are full to overflowing. Some counties have had no criminal prosecutions for ten years or more. The death-rate is the lowest of any nation on the earth.

Everywhere it is so; with the greatest cause of human misery removed, human life goes well. For long periods and short periods Prohibition pays. It was tried at Liverpool during a strike, and

brought great blessings in its train. It was tried in a strike in Brisbane in 1912; and while it lasted the accident ward of the hospital, which had been full for months, was empty. It has been tried in mining camps; in Denver, Colorado, last year 476 saloons were closed from New Year's Day, and nobody wants them back. It was tried in San Francisco after the earthquake. For ten weeks drink was forbidden there, and in that city of homeless people only six people were arrested in a day. The day that Prohibition ceased there were 74 arrests, and on the third day 113, and extra police and guards had to be called in. It is being tried in Canada now, and railways are doubling their profits, crime is going down and more food and clothing are being sold.

Everywhere it is the experience under Prohibition that useful trades prosper exceedingly when drink is stopped. You cannot stop the waste of half a million pounds a day without a good effect all round. The nation that gives up wasting such a mighty sum spends it on useful things. The money that is not spent on beer and whisky is spent on bread and meat and clothes and travel and education, and in those places where the drink trade tries to put down Prohibition it is beaten easily by the rally of all the recent trades, which know how drink takes money from their till.

There are still those who tremble for the revenue if drink should go, but we need not argue with such people, for at last there is before the world the everlasting answer to the question of the revenue. Russia went to war against Japan with vodka on her back; she saved her revenue and lost her victory. She went to war with Germany with alcohol under her feet, and she has saved her revenue and is finding victory too.

The blood thrills to think of what might be if the courage of Petrograd had been found at Westminster. Russia, in her last full year of peace, drew a revenue of over £90,000,000 from this trade in alcohol, a much greater sum than ours. No statesman before has ever flung away a revenue like that at one bold stroke; socially and financially, it has no parallel. It was said that Russia would be ruined. It was said that her people, used to vodka all their lives, would mutiny against this act of tyranny, or be unable to support their lives without this thing on which they had come to depend. Well, we have the facts of two years before us, and it does not surprise us to know that after two years' experience permanent Prohibition of alcohol is expected to become law in Russia any day.

In 1912 the people saved in their banks or deposited in securities just over £4,000,000; in 1913 a little less. In the first eight months

of 1914 they took out £11,000,000 more than they paid in. Then came the war and Prohibition and an almost incredible rise in their saving power. The figures of savings and deposits of securities are hard to believe; let us look at them:

Last eight months of vodka .....net loss of £ 11,000,000
First four months of Prohibition .....saving of £ 14,000,000
First full year of Prohibition .....saving of £ 81,000,000
First nine months of 1916 .....saving of £151,000,000

In two years Russia has recovered her lost revenue and enriched her people. **The bank deposits for the last year of vodka were £8,000,000; the deposits for a year of Prohibition have been £177,000,000.** Saved from the revolution that destroys, Russia has passed through the revolution that transforms and invigorates a nation. The recovery of her revenue has been the wonder of financial Europe, and answers forever the lie that civilization cannot pay its way unless founded in drink. Prohibition pays not only in health and strength; it pays in money, too.

Of all the wonders of the this age is any greater than this, that Russia and China have revealed to the world the most dramatic manifestations of moral power that our times have witnessed. China in peace casts out the vice that held her people in its grip. Russia in peace—for the Tsar had resolved before the war—stops the vice that threatened to destroy her people: even America flings alcohol out of her workshops to strengthen them and make them efficient, and flings out drink from half her states. But Britain? Britain waits, fearing to strike the blow that makes her great indeed.

CHAPTER XV

THE STRENGTH OF BRITAIN SPEAKS

There awaited Mr. Lloyd George at Downing street, on his return from his first appearance in Parliament as Prime Minister, one of the most remarkable documents that have ever been presented to a British Government. It asked, in the name of 2,448 distinguished British citizens, that the Government should prohibit the drink trade during the war and put the nation on full strength. After thirty months of war it has come to that.

It is not too much to say that this document will become historic. It stands as a striking expression of the brain-power of the nation. It is not a pronouncement by temperance reformers; its power, indeed, lies in its great omissions and surprises, for the

names we should expect to find are not in the list, and the names we should not look for are here. It is quite clear that those who usually sign such documents have not been asked to sign; their opinion has been taken for granted. The sort of names we find in this great memorial are those of men whose names are household words, or whose place in the nation's life entitles them to speak as having authority. They are men who have been our ambassadors, who have won our battles, commanded our squadrons, built our ships, made our guns, written our books, painted our pictures, carved our monuments, equipped our universities, educated our children, made our British names illustrious by their discoveries and inventions, administered justice, built up our industries, maintained our health, presided over our public bodies, shaped our laws in Parliament and advised the King in Privy Council. One of them saved the British army in its retreat from Mons, nine of them wear the V. C. There are nearly 100 Admirals and Generals and 150 other army officers. Many of them represent the Red Cross or the military hospitals; hundreds are controllers of munitions of war, scientific directors of the science of munitions, or heads of the Ministry of Munitions training schools. A hundred of them represent Parliament, the Privy Council and the imperial services. A hundred more stand for literature, art, music, and the stage, and hundreds represent the great trades and industries and finance. There are 200 baronets and knights, and hundreds of men distinguished in municipal life, including a hundred who are or have been Mayors, Sheriffs, Deputy Lieutenants of counties and County Council chairmen. There are representatives of every university in the United Kingdom, and the principals of hundreds of university colleges and public schools. There are 60 or 70 Fellows of the Royal Society and 25 members or associates of the Royal Academy. There are 500 magistrates and about the same number of doctors, including medical officers of health for nearly one-third of the United Kingdom.

But even such a summary as this can hardly give a proper conception of the dignity of this list of names. It stands for the intellectual and industrial strength of Britain. At the head of its military group stands a General on active service who wears the Victoria Cross, another who wears the D. S. O., another whose name has rung through Europe in this war. At the head of its munitions group is the present Controller of Shipping, with the chairman of the Cunard Line, all the great shipbuilders, and such a man as the late Sir Hiram Maxium. At the head of the imperial group stands Viscount Bryce, our late Ambassador in the great Republic of

the West, with Sir Ernest Satow, our late Ambassador to our gallant Ally in the East. The Order of Merit which Viscount Bryce represents is found at the head of other groups as well, as the Victoria Cross heads the list of soldiers, so the Order of Merit heads the list of public servants, of authors and of scientists. At the head of the literature group stands Thomas Hardy, with the Poet Laureate beside him; at the head of the group of science men stands Sir William Crookes, with such names following as Sir E. Ray Lankester, Sir Norman Lockyer and Sir Ernest Rutherford.

For education we have Dr. Michael Sadler, with the Master of Balliol, the Provost of Oriel, and hundreds of names familiar in learning; and when we come to medicine and the public health, we find Sir Rickman Godlee, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, with such men as Sir William Osler and Sir Edward Schafer and most of our great physiologists and surgeons. There are men here like Sir Patrick Manson and Sir Ronald Ross, whose work has saved millions of lives throughout the world.

And there are not men only, there are women and organizations, too. There is a daughter of Lord Lansdowne and a daughter of Mr. Gladstone; a sister of Lord Kitchener and a sister of Lord French; there is the wife of the late president of the Board of Trade and the wife of the present Prime Minister—a curious thing it is that, waiting for Mr. Lloyd George as he came home on his first great day as Premier, was this appeal from his wife, in company with thousands of the most distinguished people in the nation, pleading that Britain might be put in full strength. There are all the great leaders of the great Y. M. C. A., the heads of the Salvation Army and the Church Army, and men and women who stand for social work in our great towns. And there are men and women who stand for the will of the masses of the people—such names we find as Mrs. Snowden, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mr. George Lansburg, Mr. Thomas Burt, M. P., Mr. Richards, M. P., the Secretary of the Miners' Federation, such miners' M. P.'s as Mr. J. G. Hancock, Mr. Finney and Mr. Galbraith. Though the memorial stands chiefly outside Parliament, the M. P.'s on this list represent about five millions of the population, and several of them are members of the Government.

No charge of narrow fanaticism can be brought against a document like this. It speaks for the brain-power of the British people, and it asks for immediate and total Prohibition of the liquor trade as long as the war lasts. Except for the drink trade organs and the Church Times, which accused it of deliberate falsehood and

refused to publish the reply sent to it on behalf of these 2,448 people, even though the memorialists offered to pay for their reply as an advertisement, no attempt has been made to belittle this grave appeal. It is true that the lead of the Church Times was widely taken up by the trade, which reprinted that paper's outrade and broke up meeting with the aid of it; and it is true that at the Medway Board of Guardians, on which the drink trade is well represented, the chairman, Mr. E. A. Billinghurst, thought it not beneath his dignity to declare that he knew of men in the list who had never signed at all, though neither private nor public appeals have prevailed upon this chairman to disclose these names. The statement is obviously untrue, but the Medway Board of Gurdians, with a more than adequate leaven of the trade that prolongs the war, has no time to bother over much whether the things that are said at its meetings are false or true. It contemplates a new Boys' Home, and we may hope that it will teach the boys the love of truth and impress them with a sense of honor, and perhaps remember, also, in these days, the sacredness of an Englishman's word.

What is it that this great document says? Here it is. It should be remembered that some of its figures belong to the date when the Memorial was drawn up, in June, 1916. Others are here brought up to date:

We, Citizens of the United Kingdom, appeal to the Government to put the nation on its full strength.

Two grave dangers stand before us, holding back the power of early victory and throwing a shadow over the vision of peace. One is the wasting power of alcohol; the other is the imperiling of infant life. Among all the factors of weakness, these confront us with terrible vividness, and they lie within our own control. With the weakening power of alcohol removed, our national effort against the enemy would have gathered increased strength; with increased strength and more rapid supplies our losses in six campaigns would have been substantially reduced.

Now that the nation has followed the example of our Allies in enrolling its full manhood, we appeal that we may range ourselves with our greatest Allies and put on the whole armor of Britain. The power exerted by alcohol cuts through the efficiency of the nation; it weakens our fighting forces and must lengthen the war. These facts stand out concerning this powerful trade.

It hinders the Army; it is the cause of grave delay with munitions; it keeps thousands of men from war work every day, and makes good sober workmen second-rate.

It hampers the Navy; it delays transports, places them at the mercy of submarines, slows down repairs, and congests the docks.

It threatens our mercantile marine; it has absorbed during the war over two hundred million cubic feet of space, and it retards the building of ships to replace our losses.

It destroys our food supplies; since the war began it has consumed over 3,500,000 tons of food, with sugar enough to last the nation 100 days. It uses up more sugar than the Army.

It wastes our financial strength; since the war began, our people have spent on alcohol over 400,000,000 pounds.

It diverts the nation's strength; it uses 500,000 workers, 1,000,000 acres of land, and 1,500,000 tons of coal a year; and during the war it has involved the lifting and handling on road and rail of a weight equal to 50,000,000 tons.

It shatters our moral strength; its temptations to women involve grave danger to children and anxiety to thousands of soldiers.

The serious facts concerning the effects of drink on our forces have been known since the early days of the war, and military and naval officials appointed to investigate them pressed strongly for instant decision. During the eighteen months since then the Government appointed the Board of Control, but its work, successful socially, has had little effect in the great industries on which our armies rely. Here the terrible truth of eighteen months ago is still terribly true; the men in the trenches are betrayed by an enemy at home. After all that has been done the loss of time on the Clyde is reduced from 20 to 10½ per cent; men earning a good week's wage in half a week abandon work for drinking, and those men who give their best to the nation, striving nobly to undo the injury of their weaker comrades, are powerless in this cruel grip. It is not drunkenness alone, however, but the constant sapping of men's energies by alcohol that endangers our supplies of munitions. Nearly two years have passed since the King banished this source of national weakness from his household; since engineers, manufacturers of explosives, admirals, directors of naval equipment, urged the Government to banish it from the nation; since the Director of Transports appealed for the withdrawal of all drink licenses for the sake of the Army and Navy; and since the Shipbuilders' Federation declared that "with the total abolition of drink the work would go with a swing and you would get as fine work in our yards and shops as in the trenches." Yet the alcohol brake is still on our workshops.

As it is impossible to estimate the disastrous naval, military, social and economic consequences of alcohol in this crisis, so it is impossible to exaggerate the good results of its removal. In towns under the Control Board Chiefs of Police are glowing in their praise of peaceful towns, and quiet streets at night, the London Sessions following the adoption of the Order were the shortest ever known, and several prisons have been closed since the Board began its work. Yet, though the general drinking hours have been suddenly cut down to two short periods a day, there has been no serious complaint, and we commend this as proof of the readiness of the people to accept war restrictions and to share in a common sacrifice.

We are convinced that the dangers confronting us arise from the sudden possession of abundant wages rather than from a lack of patriotic feeling untrained in spending or in thrift, large numbers of our workers waste their reserves in drink. The greatest good a Government can render to its temptations, and there lies upon us now the double duty of protecting our people from the temptation to drink away their earnings, and of protecting the State from the intolerable folly of high war wages turned to the advantage of our enemies.

With the resources of the nation taxed to their utmost, the waste of £500,000 a day on alcohol is a fact of pitiful significance. With their high

wages our people dig ruts of sorrow instead of building up reserves of power and independence; children die faster of neglect, and a City Missionary had received forty appeals from the trenches to look after wives "going wrong" through drink.

It is said we need the revenue the State derives from alcohol, the answer lies in these things. No nation can make a profit from such a trade as this. But the fear for the revenue is shattered by the noble action of our Allies and Dominions; of Russia, which has prohibited vodka; of France, which had prohibited absinthe and the sale of spirits to women, soldiers and young people; and of parts of our Dominions, especially in Canada, where the sale of alcohol is rapidly disappearing, followed by the closing of prisons and the quickening-up of life.

Russia, wanting strength and money too, has found both in Prohibition. The saving power of her people has arisen from shillings to pounds. The banks that received £180,000 in January before the war, received in January, 1915, £5,600,000 and in January, 1916, £12,000,000. The industrial efficiency of Russia has increased by 30 per cent, and an increase of 10 per cent in our efficiency would replace our revenue from drink.

But against all considerations of financial sacrifice must be set the threatened loss of our mercantile supremacy at sea. Unless we can replace our lost ships our supremacy is doomed, and victory in the field must find us bereft of the chief factor of our national prosperity. The cargoes carried for the drink trade by our war-time ships have eben about 2,000,000 tons, and the same cause that reduces our shipping reduces our capacity for repairing and replacing our lost carrying power at sea. The contemplation of these things while neutral nations are building fleets must give rise to the gravest apprehension.

More serious still is the peril of the child-life of the State. It is perishing faster than in times of peace. Our brave ally, France, with the enemy almost at the gates of Paris, won for itself the enduring distinction of the lowest infant death-rate ever recorded in its capital. What Paris can do can be done in our own towns, if the same patriotic devotion be shown by our own people, and if all removable dangers to child-life be removed. Chief among these dangers is alcohol.

No source of weakness under our control is so widespread; none is more vital to the safety of the State in war and its welfare in peace. But the dangers of alcohol are tenfold now. The prevalence of venereal disease among one-tenth of our urban population, its special danger to child-life, and the anxiety gifts of peace, impose upon us an increasing responsibility. In 1912, over 270,000 working days were lost in the Navy from this cause, and 216,000 days in the Army; and the Royal Commission has urged that a decrease of drinking would be an important factor in the decrease of this far-reaching cause of national decay.

It is not to be questioned that in all these causes for apprehension alcohol is the greatest single factor that can be controlled. It is not to be questioned that the nation has readily approved the half-way step to Prohibition that has already been taken. It is our profound conviction that the next step must be taken before the strength of Britain can be thrown effectively into the arena on which our liberties depend. No nation can be at full strength with such a factor in its midst.

We are no temperance reformers as such. We stand for the great desire of all good people to strike the mightiest blow for freedom of which Britain

is capable. We support the demand for Prohibition made to the Government by its own investigators, and by the Shipbuilders' deputation, with not a teetotaler among them. In March, 1915, believing, in the Prime Minister's words, that "No sacrifice is too great when freedom and honor are at stake," and that rich and poor alike should bear it, we ask the Government to withdraw all drink licenses throughout the Kingdom for the period of the war.

We believe a golden moment has arrived for our country; that prepared for sacrifice by the example of the King and Lord Kitchener, the nation is ready for the natural step that France and Russia have already taken. The suspension of the liquor traffic during the war, the conversion of the public-houses into houses of refreshment, will quicken up our civil and fighting population, will raise a new fire resolution in our people, and will give to millions the first opportunity they have ever had of breaking old habits of weakness and forming new habits of strength.

We believe that in this, as in all other vital issues, there must be sympathy of purpose and in unity of action, between the Allied Nations, and we appeal to the Government to be bold and trust our people to be strong and follow our Allies, to be worthy of the mighty destinies they hold in solemn trust.

It stands on the record forever that in this time of national danger it was necessary, in the opinion of the industrial and intellectual leaders of this land, to stop the drink trade to preserve our liberties; and it stands on record that this bitter peril still exists in Britain after thirty months of war.

CHAPTER XVI

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

It is difficult to come to any other conclusion but one after reading all the facts in this book. If there is one thing about which there is general agreement and steadily growing conviction, it is this drink curse. On every hand it is acknowledged to be our greatest enemy. Quite apart from the appalling fact that for years it has fastened its shackles upon our national life, destroying the bodies and souls of countless men and women, and creating untold misery, poverty and tragedy—which in our easy difference we have come to accept as a matter of course, and to look upon without a shudder—it is now being brought home to us in convincing fashion that ultimate victory in the war and the firm handling of this foe in our midst are very closely related.

Nearly two years ago the nation was solemnly warned by the present Prime Minister that of all the enemies arrayed against us in the tremendous struggle of these days, the most powerful and threatening is drink. At that time it almost seemed as though the hour of deliverance has at last come and that Great Britain was

about to assert her latent moral strength and put an end to the whole evil business. And had the Government then but taken the straight and courageous course, it is certain that its action would have been backed—whatever it had cost—by all that part of the nation which really counts. But it failed. Once again the brewer and distiller proclaimed who are the real rulers of our land. Their defiant challenge, like the crack of a slave-driver's whip, brought both political parties to heel. The British Parliament, said Mr. Lloyd George, quailed before an enraged crowd of Irish distillers and publicans. Britain might be worsted in her great task on the fields of France and on the high seas. The bodies and souls of men, women and children might be destroyed at home. Every efficiency might be impaired, and every evil thing that flourishes under the shadow of the public-house might multiply. But what of that in comparison with the vested interests of this trade?

With splendid heroism, which it would be impertinence to praise, our soldiers have fought against terrible odds. Their deeds will live as long as the Empire lasts. The red tinge of their sacrifice will sanctify all our future liberties. But what have we done for them in guarding their homes from the invasion of the destroyer? What have we done to make our land clean and sober and in some degree worthy of their blood? We have tinkered away at Boards of Control and shortened hours for drinking facilities—trying to cure a cancer with court-plaster! We have given the greatest of our enemies a new lease of life in our midst. We have flouted the first claim of that righteousness by which alone a people is exalted.

Is it to be wondered at if our Allies express some lack of confidence in us? Russia gave us a magnificent lead, and France has followed her; while our successive Governments, despite earnest representation from those who are in closest touch with the great centers of population and industry, have so far been content to let things go as they are, and Great Britain has thus been made to appear as though she gloried in her shame. It is not too much to say that the whole world looks on and wonders. At the present time the most widely read organs of the press in Japan are publishing articles on the decadence of Great Britain, pointing to the drink evil and our unwillingness or powerlessness to deal with it, as the greatest cause of deterioration of our peoples and the plainest sign of our effeteness. Nor do they fail to draw the inevitable corollary that Japanese interests in the future will be best served by seeking alliance with nations more like herself in moral vigor. The influential native press of China is full of the same kind of thing, contrast-

ing, as it has a perfect right to do, the Chinese self-liberation from the thraldom of the opium curse with our feebleness in regard to alcohol. This is the humiliating position we have been brought to under the rule of the trade, with its sardonic grin at every suggestion of a freed land, and its tight grip upon the chief political parties in our state, secured by the power of blood-money. Who can express the shame of it, that Great Britain, once the saviour of weak peoples, should have become a spectacle for their scorn?

Of course, we are not unmindful of the cost Prohibition involves, nor do we suggest any harsh or unjust treatment of those involved by the arbitrary extinction of licenses to produce and seal the stuff without regard to the claims of honesty. But we do say that whatever the cost this thing has to be done, and that we must summon every moral reserve to carry through the sacrifice. An initial sum of £300,000,000 has been named as the minimum price at which the state could secure control of the liquor trade as the first step toward bringing it to an end.

Well, what of it? At most it is only two months' cost of the war; it would be recovered many times over in the amount saved by the shortening of the struggle, for the impetus and speeding-up which would follow would go a long way toward carrying us to triumph. But let it be clearly understood that for the state merely to acquire and carry on this business is by no means an answer to the demand of the hour. It may be a means to an end, but it is not in itself the end. Drink is drink, with all its hellish brood in its train, whether it be dispensed by a Government department or by private enterprise. It cannot be mended by a mere change of ownership. It must be ended at the will of an united people.

As to the old objection regarding loss of revenue, it is difficult to see any cogency in its appeal. We only know that at present we are literally wasting the vast amount which goes into the hungry maw of this trade. It is utterly unproductive, except in a vicious circle, and might as well be thrown into the sea—far better, indeed, for then the moral consequences of its conversion into drink would not defile or destroy our nation. On the lowest ground at all, it is not sound finance to raise revenue at such unspeakable cost of human life, which is the real capital of any country. Are we going to let the old sophistries of politicians about revenue stand any longer in the way of emancipation? Are we going to confess ourselves defeated once again? Or are we going to rise in our strength and put an end to this thing?

Who, indeed, can be satisfied at the condition of degrading

bondage in which we live? Looked at from any point of view, social, economic, productive or military—the retention of the brewer and distiller as the traitorous dictators of our destinies is an appalling piece of blindness. When, as we have seen it, political control is divorced from moral purpose, and things essential are sacrificed to things expedient, Nemesis must sooner or later overtake the guilty. Ultimately every house built on the sand is tested by the flood and swept away. Were it not so, it would be hard to believe in any Divine control of human affairs. Are we content to believe that Britain's national mission is at an end? The only alternative is that she should set her house in order and make herself morally worthy of the service of the God of nations.

Above and beyond all other considerations which have been advanced in these pages is the moral one. The present time, with its heavy demands and searching anxieties, has robbed us of many illusions. It has torn aside the disguises of ordinary days from men and nations alike, and has brought to light naked crudities both of belief and behavior. We have always prided ourselves on being a Christian nation, but we have been revealed as being swayed and governed by motives and inspirations that cannot in any sense be called Christian. We all recognize gratefully how goodly is our heritage. In our national life there is much, very much, for which to be thankful and proud. Britain's innate love of justice and fair play; the purity of our public life; the disinterestedness of state and civic administrations; the increasingly humane treatment of the poor, the imbecile and the prisoner; the benefit of education placed within reach of all; the protection of the toiling classes against the rapacity of those who would exploit them for gain; the application of scientific law and invention to the well-being of the people; the fidelity to pledged word in international affairs—all these give us cause for thanksgiving and pride.

But let us face this grave question seriously. Do these things really make a nation Christian? Unconsciously influenced to an extent by something of the spirit and teaching of Christianity which has filtered through into the life and thinking of a great mass of the people, much of our legislation and several of our war institutions undoubtedly are; but does this mark us out as a Christian nation? Surely a nation which is at heart Christian must give infinitely higher moral expression to its life than any of these things. The war has brought to light a good deal of latent Christian sentiment in the nation. Never was there such an exhibition of generosity, self-sacrifice and willingness to serve as now. Never have men

been so ready to sink themselves for the good of others. Never has Britain been so near to the Kingdom of God as now. By one supreme act of courageous sacrifice she may win her soul. But will she awaken to know the day of her visitation?

It is more than doubtful if organized religion is going to prove her helper. Whether the churches can divest themselves of bonds and grave-clothes, and in new-found freedom lay hold of this solemn opportunity of directing the national sentiment toward Christ's rule, and of leading the national energy to His obedience, remains to be seen. At present it must be confessed the signs are not hopeful; but meanwhile our immediate duty is clear. Each one must translate his faith into works. In the discharge of our duty as citizens and soldiers we must seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. We must dedicate our own energy to the stupendous task of bringing the life of our nation under the recreating rule of God. In view of the present situation it is clear that we shall fail in our first responsibility if we are content to do anything less than give ourselves heart and soul to this war of liberation.

We have talked long about the necessity of national repentance and amendment. Surely the time has come for resolute personal action. Here is our task to hand, and our opportunity of following the lead of Him who did not hesitate to use a whip of small cords when the rights of God and men were invaded. The nation generally has refused to follow the lead of the King in banishing drink. Will that true Church of Christ, which has its members within every religious body, and outside of them all, refuse likewise to follow Him? Or, bearing "the sword bathed with Heaven," will it unite to spend its very strength in this battle for a liberated land?

Away with indifference and apathy! Away with political and ecclesiastical insincerities! Away with the idea of an apathetic God, acquiescent in a nation losing its soul, caring only to snatch a few from ultimate disaster! Away with the paralyzing cant of an uplifted voice and a down-hanging arm! Away with the worthless prayer of a people which calls on Heaven for victory against an outer foe and regards this profitable iniquity in its heart!

There is no question as to what the right course is. Humiliating though it is to confess, our Allies have shown us the way and our colonies have driven home the lesson of their example. Even though the bugles of peace should sound tomorrow, declaring the horrors of bloodshed at an end, and every objective for which we have drawn the sword achieved, Britain would stand before God and

the world a defeated nation if this evil is not trampled under foot. Her last state would be worse than her first. The battle is joined. The issue is plain. Each one of us shares the responsibility of victory or defeat.

There is a scene in an old book which may well help us each to make resolve and to take our part worthily:

Then the Interpreter took him, and led him up toward the door of the palace; and behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table, with a Book and his Inkhorn before him, to take the name of him that should enter therein. He saw also that in the doorway stood many men in armor to keep it, being resolved to do the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could.

Now was Christian somewhat in a muse. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a Man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying: "Set down my name, Sir." The which when he had done, he saw the Man draw his sword, and put an helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force. But the Man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those who attempted to keep him out. he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the Palace. At which there was a pleasant voice from those within, even of those that walked upon the top of the Palace, saying:

Come in, come:
Eternal glory thou shalt win.

So he went in, and was clothed with such garments as they. Then Christian smiled and said:

I think verily I know the meaning of this.

The Stern Facts

WITH THEIR OFFICIAL AND SCIENTIFIC PROOF

TRUTH ABOUT THE FOOD CRISIS

We have come to the greatest crisis ever known in the Food Supply of Britain. These are the stern facts about it.

The value of food in producing bodily energy is measured in Calories, a Calorie being the unit of heat. We need for the United Kingdom about 1,000,000 Calories per head per year—46,000,000,000,000 (46 million million) in these days let us say we can sustain our strength on 42,000,000,000,000.

The Calorie value of the food destroyed by the Drink Trade during the war (August 1914 to January 1917 inclusive), making the maximum possible allowances for values returned, and discounting alcohol used for munitions, is equal to at least 11,000,000,000,000 Calories.

Taking only the ration scale fixed by the Food Controller in February 1917, this is equal to the provision of such rations for 165 days, or it is equal to the destruction of the normal food supply of the whole nation for 88 days.

The Drink Trade has destroyed during the war food to last the entire nation three months, and to have sustained the whole British Army from the beginning of the war till now.

At the beginning of the war this
trade destroyed the nation's food.....48 days a year.
At present (February 1917) this
trade is destroying our food.....30 days a year
After All Fools' Day its destruction of food is to be .....20 days a year

That is to say, we have cut down our Fools' Days from four a month to not quite two; we are to have 20 Fools' Days in a year instead of 48. But why should we be fools at all?

THE WASTE OF FOOD IN A YEAR'S BEER

A scientific investigation of this destruction of food has been made for this book. It deals with a year's output of beer, the beverage concerning which anonymous advertisers are spending thousands of pounds to delude the nation into believing that it is a food. No man dare put his name to those advertisements; they are lies, as every scientist knows. This is the truth about a year's supply of beer. In all these figures a billion means one million million.

A year's beer in peace time is 36,000,000 barrels, and uses up 1,550,000 tons of grain and sugar, containing 5,500,000.000,000 Calories. This is about 23 per cent of the 24 billion Calories now included in the rations allowed the United Kingdom by the Food Controller.

What does the brewer make of these things? We will put aside the grave objections to feeding cows on brewers' grains, and give the brewer full value for his share in the milk. Taking the beer and the milk together, giving no food value to the alcohol but half value to the nitrogen in the beer, as some contend we should, the total value of the brewer's products stand at 1,500,000,000,000 Calories. The brewer took 5,500,000,000,000 Calories and has lost 4,000,000,000,000; he has destroyed 70 per cent of the food he took.

THE UNNECESSARY BY-PRODUCTS OF THE BREWER

It is not true that the nation needs the by-products of brewing. We can do without the brewers' yeast, his grains are dangerous for cows' milk, and whether as meat or milk, a very small percentage of their food-value returns to man. The brewing trade is utterly unnecessary for any by-products it yields.

WHAT THE NATION LOSES ON BREWERS' BARLEY

We lose enormously by growing barley when we might grow wheat. The brewers say that 40 per cent of the barley cannot be used as human food, and that if barley is used for pigs its efficiency is only 15 per cent. That is true. But if we grow or import wheat for human food instead of barley for beer, only 20 per cent need be used for pigs instead of 40 per cent, and the human food value in flour, milk, meat, and sugar will be 4,500,000,000,000 Calories instead of 1,500,000,000,000. We therefore lose 3,000,000,000,000 Calories on our barley-for-beer account, or food for the whole of the United Kingdom for 26 days.

WILL MR. PROTHERO THROW AWAY 12 DAYS' BREAD FOR THE ARMY?

Over 30,000 acres of the best soil in England are at this moment in peril of being devoted to hops, a narcotic drug, instead of bread. Mr. Prothero, the Minister of Agriculture who describes England as a beleaguered city, encourages the farmers to grow hops, as the hopfields could grow only "one and a half day's bread for the people."

Then are we to throw away one and a-half days' bread for the whole United Kingdom? It is twelve days' bread for the army, and to grow it instead of importing it would save millions of cubic feet of shipping, thousands of tons of coal, and the man-power of carrying heat thousands of miles.

GRAVE DANGER OF WASTING OUR FOOD MARGIN

Official

The following is an Extract from the Report of the Scientific Committee appointed by the Board of Trade to inquire into the strength of Britain.

The Chairman (Professor Waller) and the two other physiologists on this Committee have all signed the Strength of Britain Memorial.

"Up to the present the supply of food has provided a general margin of about 5 per cent above the minimum necessary for proper nutrition, and rather more as regards the supply of energy, so that a reduction to this extent could be borne without serious injury to the community, but only on the condition that steps were taken to ensure the equitable distribution of the available food throughout the population. . . . It is important to remember that slight reduction of food below the necessary amount causes a large diminution in the working efficiency of the individual."

WHY BREWERS' GRAINS MAKE MILK DANGEROUS

It is not safe to feed babies on milk produced from brewers' grains, and it is a thousand pities Mr. Prothero did not know this in time to save him from a statement that endangers child-life. Brewers' grains produce functional disturbances and disease in the cow, and milk from such cows is not safe for infants. Brewers' grains are not allowed to be used for the cows that yield milk and butter for Copenhagen, the capital of the country that leads the world in dairy-farming. More than half the population of the earth lives without them.

BREWERS' YEAST IS NOT NEEDED FOR BAKING

The brewers say their yeast is essential for bread, but they omit this from the advertisements in their own trade organ, which knows the facts. Brewers' yeast is poor and second best, and the best bakers will not use it. We can get all the yeast a nation wants without beer.

In the Journal of the Board of Agriculture Professor Crowther, Professor of Agriculture in Leeds University, writes:

At one time the surplus yeast of the brewery was largely utilized in the baking of bread, but in the last few decades, with the rise of the compressed yeast industry supplying a superior product for baking purposes, and with changes in brewing leading in many cases to the production of yeast of inferior value for baking purposes, this outlet for the brewers' surplus yeast has steadily diminished. Various attempts have been made to turn out from the brewery a yeast equal for baking to compressed yeast, but without appreciable success.

BEER, WINE, AND SPIRITS ARE NOT FOOD—Official

The Board of Education, in its Official Syllabus, says:

Beer, Wine, and Spirits—these things are not of real use to us because they cannot make us grow, nor keep the body from wearing away, and they cannot make us strong or warm. . . . They are unable to help to nourish the body.

THE STERN FACTS

HOW DRINK PUTS UP FOOD PRICES—Official

Immense quantities of food materials, such as barley, wheat, and maize, are used in this country for the manufacture of beer and spirits. As beer and spirits are almost valueless as food, and can only be classed as luxuries pure and simple, all this grain is lost for food purposes. If this grain were available for food for both man and beast, the prices of bread and meat would be lowered.—War Savings Committee.

THERE IS NO WASTE SUGAR IN NON-ALCOHOLIC DRINKS

All sugar used in making alcohol is destroyed in that act, but all sugar used in non-alcoholic drinks is retained in the beverage and supplies energy to the heart and other muscles.

CENSUS OF MAN-POWER USED BY DRINK—Official

According to the Census of Production in 1907, the Drink Trade takes £20,000,000 worth of material and fuel and turns it into £45,000,000 worth of beer and £1,096,000 worth of forage for cattle. It uses 85,000 people for turning £20,000,000 worth of good food for man or beast into £1,000,000 of poor food for cattle plus—beer.

According to the last census of the population, about 465,000 persons are employed by the licensed trade in the United Kingdom, of whom in England and Wales at least 191,000 were men under 45 and 68,000 were women under 35.

SOLEMN WORDS ON DEMOBILIZATION—By a Judge

Mr. Justice Rowlatt, in the case of a wounded soldier charged with burglary at Derby Assizes, the defense being that he was drunk, said:

We must look forward almost with terror to the time when hundreds of thousands of brave men would be returning from the Front and would be exposed to the temptations to which this prisoner was exposed. It might be that a clean sweep would have to be made of the liquor trade if the country was not to be deluged with charges such as this. The law must make it clear that those who had served abroad must also serve at home with respect for the laws of society. If not, society must dissolve.

CENSUS OF SHIPPING USED BY DRINK—Official

The whole weight of grain and sugar used in brewing and distilling may be regarded as a drain on the tonnage space available for foodstuffs, said Mr. Pretyman in the House of Commons on November 28, 1916. The space used up by the trade in the year ended September 30, 1916, he told the House, was 96,000,000 cubic

feet. On this basis, even allowing for the reduced imports now, the shipping space used up by the drink trade during the war must be over 200,000,000 cubic feet.

FOOD CONTROLLER AND THE STRENGTH OF BRITAIN

Lord Devonport, faced with the pressing problem of Bread or Beer, has decided in favor of Bread—to the extent of 30 per cent. He has cut down beer supplies and saved 800 tons of barley a day, 100 tons of sugar a day, 47 tons of grits a day. By reducing brewers' supplies the Food Controller has saved **nearly 1,000 tons of food a day.** A thousand tons of food will feed about a million people, so that the cutting down of these supplies for beer is equal to saving food for a million people every day. It will keep all Glasgow.

HOW DRINK DESTROYS OUR WAR STRENGTH—Official

The average expenditure on alcoholic drinks in this country amounts to 7s. 3d. per family per week. If every family in the land were to cut their drink bill down by, say, one-half, the amount would come to £90,000,000 per annum; the waste in lowered ability to work now resulting from the consumption of alcohol would be largely removed, and the gain in national working capacity would be even greater than is represented by this monetary gain.—War Savings Committee.

It follows from this official admission that we have sacrificed to drink one-tenth of our war bill and one-tenth of our war strength. See page 66.

DRINK INJURIOUS TO NATIONAL INTERESTS—Official

Obviously, in the present national emergency, a daily expenditure of practically £500,000 on spirits, wines, and beer cannot be justified on the ground of necessity. This expenditure, therefore, like every other form and degree of expenditure beyond what is required to maintain health and efficiency, is directly injurious to national interests.—War Savings Committee.

PROHIBITION AND WAR EFFICIENCY—Official

It is necessary to secure a state of affairs which would make it possible for transport to be carried out with speed and efficiency. At present this is impossible. In my opinion, measures are necessary to withdraw all licenses to sell intoxicating liquors throughout the country.—Director of Transports, March 27, 1915.

LOST MILLIONS OF THE WAR LOAN

If there had been no Drink Trade in this country our people would have been able to lend the Government £400,000,000 more for the 1917 War Loan, and our national expenditure during the

war would have been £400,000,000 less. In the last year of Drink in Russia the people saved £8,000,000; in one year of Prohibition they placed in their banks £177,000,000. Prohibition would have saved us in drink expenditure, and its notorious result, £1,000,000 a day, and on this basis **Prohibition during the war would have saved nearly £1,000,000,000.**

PROHIBITION INCREASES OUTPUT OF MUNITIONS

In a shipbuilding works at Nicolaieff, Russia, these figures have been taken for a month before and after Prohibition:

	Before	After		Before	After
Men employed	3454	3483	Days lost	3576	1901
Men sick	740	377	Accidents	1159	846

PROHIBITION WOULD PUT THE NATION IN EARNEST

Official

Total Prohibition, with all its attendant objections and disadvantages, would at least have the general effect that all classes would at last realize the existence and seriousness of the war, and that they were personally involved in its consequences.—Statement by the Admiralty to the Cabinet, March 1915.

SOLDIERS AND MUNITION MEN DO NOT NEED ALCOHOL—Official

The President of the Board of Trade having incited the Royal Society to appoint scientific men of the highest distinction to report on the Food Supply of the United Kingdom, the Committee reports:

Repeated experience has shown that regiments not supplied with alcohol marched farther, and were in better condition at the end of the day, than others to which it had been given. Experiments in mountain climbing have given similar indications, the total work done being smaller under alcohol and the expenditure of energy greater. The records of American industrial experience are significant in showing a better output when no alcohol is taken by the workmen.

Captain Scott said: I believe alcohol is distinctly harmful to persons doing continuous severe physical work.

ALCOHOL IS THE ENEMY OF THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

Sir Frederick Treves says: The person of all others I dread to see enter the operating theatre is the drinker.

MOST EFFECTIVE ACT TO WIN WAR—Official

I cannot state too forcibly my own opinion that the Total Prohibition of the sale of spirits would be the most effective act that

could at the present time be taken to win this war.—Captain Barttelot, Admiralty Supt. on the Clyde, March 1915.

MAGISTRATES POWERLESS & ARMY APPEALS IN VAIN

The Aldershot command applied yesterday at Guildford licensing sessions for the reduction of 50 per cent of licenses in the borough, but the magistrates decided they had no power to deal with the matter.—Daily Chronicle, February 8, 1917.

THE SUNDAY WHEN THE MEN WENT OUT

A letter from a Camp in England to the authors of this book:

The drunkenness in this camp is deplorable. We are doing what little we can to counteract this terrible influence, but we are terribly handicapped. Only recently on a Sunday, when a draft was leaving for the front in the evening, the Recreation Hut and the neighboring Mission Hut were put out of bounds for the troops from mid-day, and all the canteens were thrown open. The result was that when the time came for the draft to start a large number of the men were very drunk, and got out of hand. It is utterly impossible to understand the action of the authorities.

HOW DRINK FOR 1920 CROWDS OUR SHIPS AND DOCKS

We have whisky in this country to last till 1921, but our manpower has been making whisky since the war began.

We have rum in this country to last till 1921, but our ships are importing rum still.

At this moment the vaults and warehouses in which we store rum at the London docks are filled to overflowing; for a generation past they have never been so full. Thousands of casks stand outside the warehouses because there is not room for them inside and because there is not a vacant space on which they might stand while the Customs staff examines them. The quantity of rum in these casks is probably not less than 6,000,000 proof gallons. Let us assume, in defiance of the Director-General of the Army Medical Service, that rum is necessary for the Army and Navy. In 1915 we sent away for their use about 2,000,000 gallons. On that basis we have, overcrowding our docks at this moment, a full supply to last till 1920, yet there are thousands of casks of rum now on the sea for London. They will arrive at a crowded quay with not an inch of space available for them, and they cannot be needed for three years.

THE GRIP OF DRINK IN WAR-TIME

The Medway Guardians (see page 103) invited the paupers to celebrate Christmas by drinking the stuff the King has banished from his house held

as a traitor to the State. The following cases are in institutions in the neighborhood or in the care of this Union.

A lad from the Derbyshire hills joined the Army, and came to Chatham. He was a brisk and useful youth, but he fell before the temptations we put in his way, and today he is in the hospital. He lay like a log for five or six weeks. He has venereal disease, which has touched his brain. "What was once a useful man is now a log," says an Army officer.

Another man joined the Army and went to Chatham. He got drunk, broke his leg, and was taken to a hospital. His wife, drawing 26s. 6d. weekly from the Army, drank and neglected her children, and now lies in prison. The children are being cared for by the Medway Union which gives free beer to its paupers!

There is also in this Union a man who earned £2 10s. a week, and supported his wife and six children. Through drink he lost his character, his employment, and his home; and he and five of his children are now in the workhouse, at a cost of perhaps £3 a week.

So drink takes men from camp and puts them in the hospital; it takes men from industry and puts them in the workhouse; it takes children from our homes and makes them paupers; and when Christmas comes the Medway Guardians send round beer! A fig for the King who banishes it! A fig for all who talk of sacrifice! Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for the brewers are doubling their profits!

HOW DRINK HELD BACK CANADIAN RECRUITS

Canada has sent to the war 400,000 recruits. "But for your failure to deal with this drink cancer at the heart of the Motherland," a leader of public opinion in Canada has declared, "I verily believe we should have sent 100,000 more."

PROHIBITION MEANS GOOD BUSINESS AFTER THE WAR

A business report by Messrs. Sim & Coventry, metal merchants, 110 Cannon street, London, pointing out the extensive development in the United States tinplate trade, says:

There will be acute rivalry and cutting competition in the years that are before us, and it will take all the Celtic wit and Saxon grit available to struggle successfully against the post war situation. The United States are gradually putting themselves into the strongest possible position to compete successfully with the whole world. By a recent vote a still further area in the great Republic is to introduce Prohibition, so that fully half the states have now "gone dry." This means not only increased savings, but greater physical power to compete, for has it not been repeatedly laid down during the war that the absence of alcohol means largely increased efficiency? This report has no relation to a temperance leaflet, but we cannot forbear to lay stress on an aspect of the situation which we believe cannot be ignored with impunity.

CALENDAR OF THE FOOD CRISIS

Up to April 1 the brewers are destroying the equivalent of the whole food supply of the nation one day in twelve. After April 1 they are to be permitted to destroy it only one day in eighteen.

N. B.—April 1 is called All Fools' Day.

Jan.	
1	Year of Defeat or Victory begins
2	
3	Food Shortage looms in sight
4	
5	**On this day Brewers may destroy all the nation's food**
6	
7	
8	
9	
10	
11	Less wheat arrives
12	Ships due with rum for 1920
13	
14	
15	
16	
17	**On this day Brewers may destroy all the nation's food**
18	Meatless day suggested
19	Lunches must be cut down
20	
21	
22	
23	
24	Brewers, on Mr. Prothero's authority, say they make milk
25	Food Controller restricts brewing to make more milk
26	
27	
28	
29	**On this day Brewers may destroy all the nation's food**
30	
31	
Feb.	
1	Mr. Prothero encourages hops, as hopfields waste only 1½ days' food for the nation
2	Govt. Committee reports hops yield nothing to the food supply
3	
4	Premier calls on every inch of land for food
5	Owing to food shortage ration system introduced by Lord Devonport
6	
7	
8	
9	
10	**On this day Brewers may destroy all the nation's food**
11	
12	
13	
14	
15	
16	More food-ships sunk by German submarines
17	
18	
19	
20	
21	
22	**On this day Brewers may destroy all the nation's food**
23	
24	
25	
26	
27	
28	More food-carrying ships imperiled by submarines
March	
1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
6	**On this day Brewers may destroy all the nation's food**
7	Less sugar for wounded soldiers
8	
9	
10	
11	
12	
13	
14	Pressure of food shortage increases
15	
16	
17	
18	**On this day Brewers may destroy all the nation's food**
19	
20	
21	
22	
23	
24	
25	
26	
27	
28	Food shortage more grave
29	Acute shortage of sugar
30	**On this day Brewers may destroy all the nation's food**
31	

April 1—All Fools' Day. From this day the brewers may destroy the nation's food supply only every eighteenth day.

ANTICIPATE ALL PUBLIC GATHERINGS—BE THERE WITH "DRY POWDER"

CHURCHES
SUNDAY SCHOOLS
BIBLE CLASSES
ENDEAVORS
LEAGUES
UNIONS
GRANGES
Y. M. C. A.'S
Y. W. C. A.'S
LODGES
CLUBS
COLLEGES
SCHOOLS
FRATERNITIES
SORORITIES
SOCIETIES
NIGHT SCHOOLS
LABOR UNIONS
FACTORIES
FIRMS
VETERANS
EVANGELISTS
CHAUTAUQUAS
SCOUTS
GUARDS
COMPANIES
UNIFORM RANKS
CONVENTIONS
CAMPS
RED CROSS

MEET THE SITUATION WITH Organization

Get YOUR Organization Started at Work for A DRY AMERICA

Here Is What Almost Any Organization Can Do:

1. Pound Away at Washington
   —With Dry telegrams, Dry letters, Dry petitions.
2. Work for No-License at Home
   —Under direction of your own State League.
3. Push Temperance Education
   —In Schools, Sunday Schools, Vacant Buildings, Parks.
4. Organize Local Talent Dry Rallies, Quartets, Platform Clubs
   —At Schoolhouses, Granges, Halls, Churches Picnics.
5. Report Law Violations to Authorities
   —Band together to Demand Enforcement.
6. Circulate Dry Literature
   —To fit the Times and the Crowd.

ARE YOU A DRY ROOKIE?

In a very short while, every hamlet, village, town and city in the country will see its boys drilling—getting ready to meet the grim responsibilities and dangerous temptations of war. Mothers' hearts are tremulous—fearing the latter far more than the former. What are you doing to help prepare these boys—your "bit?"

This Is No Time to Hesitate. EVERY TEMPERANCE PATRIOT Should Be at Work

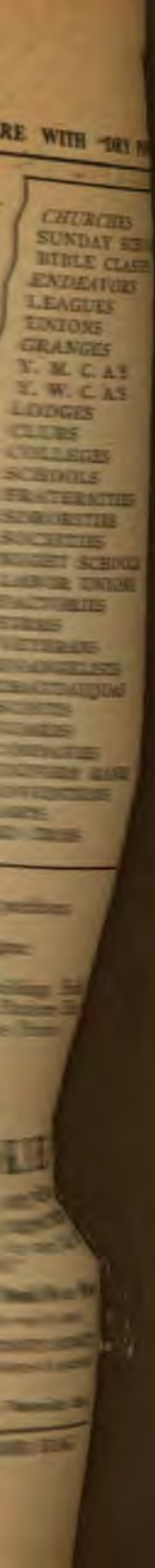
The camp followers of rum are plotting treason—there's no other word to use!

SEND A QUARTER FOR SAMPLE TEMPERANCE PATRIOTS' BUDGET

It will furnish you with working ideas, show samples of dry literature of a patriotic nature, and HELP YOU GET STARTED RIGHT. Do it today.

AMERICAN ISSUE PUBLISHING CO., Department of Literature, Westerville, Ohio

OUR HOMES—OUR SOLDIERS—OUR COUNTRY—OUR FLAG



The WHY *of this* BOOK

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